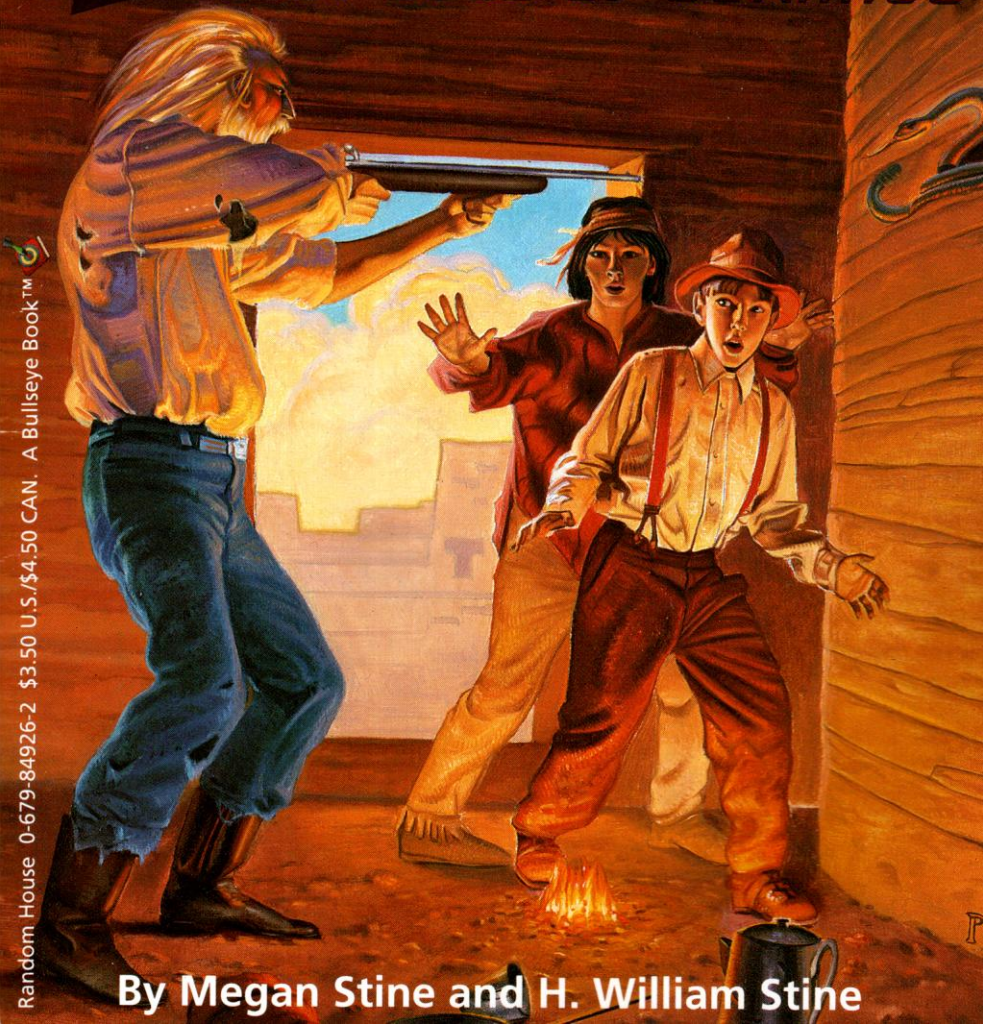


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and the
LOST GOLD OF DURANGO



By Megan Stine and H. William Stine

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H. William Stine

Bullseye Books

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YOUNG
INDIANA JONES
and the
LOST GOLD OF DURANGO

Chapter 1

“It ain’t right. It ain’t right at all,” said the telegraph operator. Horatio Lintell leaned back in his chair and folded his arms across his large stomach. Then he spat a thick stream of brown juice into a short brass cup at his feet. Some of the juice hit the cup. Some of it hit the floor. The rest splattered on his shoes.

Young Indiana Jones sat on the other side of the small telegraph office. To Indy the man looked like someone chewing on a frog and spitting out the parts he didn’t like. Indy pushed his chair as far away as possible.

“Your pa know you go around telling stories?” asked Mr. Lintell, eyeing Indy sternly.

"I'm not making up any stories," Indy said. "What I told you is true." He pressed his dry lips together and felt grit. The room was hot and dusty. Everything in Durango, Colorado, was hot and dusty—especially in the middle of August.

"Son, I've been the telegraph operator here for fifteen years and no boy ever come in here telling me his name was Indiana when he hails from New Jersey. And saying he's been all round the world. And saying he's waiting for a telegram from the President of the United States! It ain't right."

"But I told you," Indy explained. "My father's a medievalist, and—"

"Son, it don't matter to me what religion a man is," interrupted the stubborn telegraph operator.

Indy rolled his eyes and let out an exasperated sigh. What could he do? He'd only been in Durango a few days so no one knew him here. No one knew his father, either, except for Jesse Walter Fewkes, the man his father had come to see.

So how could Indy expect the telegraph operator to believe that his father had sent

telegram to the President a week ago and was waiting for an answer?

To make matters worse, the telegraph lines had been down for several days—and no one seemed to know when they'd be working again.

Indy pulled the brim of his big brown hat down over his green eyes. This way, at least, he looked a little older than his thirteen years.

Just then the telegraph operator took aim at the cup again. Missed! Most of the juice hit Indy's own boots.

Sorry 'bout that," Mr. Lintell said.

"Uh, yeah," Indiana Jones said. "Listen, when do you suppose—"

But before Indy could finish his question, the brass telegraph key on Horatio Lintell's desk suddenly snapped to life, clicking and clattering. When it fell silent, the operator leaned forward, tapped the key a few times, and sent his own message down the line. The key started clicking again and Horatio grabbed a piece of paper. He scribbled down letters.

Indy was out of his seat and in front of

the desk in an instant. "It's my dad's telegram, isn't it? See, I told you—"

"Shush!" Mr. Lintell said so irritably that Indy took a step back. Sweat was bubbling out on the man's forehead. He looked both hot and pale.

"Is it from the President?" Indy asked.

"No." The man spat out the word and then spat a mouthful of tobacco juice into the brass cup. He slid the paper across the desk toward Indy. "Boy, make yourself useful. Run this over to the sheriff's office. Quick! And don't stop for nothing—not even a bullet."

Indy silently read the two short sentences on the note: "Butler Brothers escaped. Headed for Durango."

"Who are the Butler Brothers?" Indy asked.

"Trouble," said the telegraph operator, nervously tapping out a new message. "You're wasting precious time, boy. Go! Git a move on!"

Indy flew out of the small building and into the hot morning. The sheriff's office was at the other end of the dusty western

town, and Indy ran as fast as he could.

Why was the telegraph operator so scared about the Butler Brothers coming to Durango? Indy wondered. What kind of "trouble" were they?

He burst into the sheriff's office, surprising the sheriff and a white-haired old man dressed in buckskins. The sheriff was wearing gray pants and a gray shirt that matched his gray hair. The two men were playing checkers.

When the sheriff looked up, Indy saw he had a long scar across his face.

"Telegram, Sheriff Wheeler," Indy said. "The Butler Brothers are headed for Durango."

Sheriff Wheeler was on his feet so fast that checkers went flying in every direction. "Let me see that, son," he said, holding out his hand. He read the message and crumpled it into a small tight ball. "Doesn't say when they busted out," he said, rubbing his scar with the back of his hand.

"No telling when they'll get here," said the white-haired old man. "You better hurry."

The sheriff nodded. By the time he had

strapped a gun belt around his waist he was calm again. "I'm going over and tell 'em at the bank," he said, letting the door bang behind him.

"Who are they?" Indy asked the old man.

"Bank robbers," the man answered.

Bank robbers? Indy ran out of the sheriff's office and headed for the hotel where he and his father were staying.

Just when he thought his trip to Durango wasn't going to be exciting—bang! Indy pretended to fast-draw a gun and shoot. Bank robbers! Desperadoes! Cowboys and Indians! The Wild West was still wild—even in 1912.

He crossed the main street of town, dodging cowboys on horseback. Other cowboys drove Model T Fords along the dirt road.

Durango was an old gold-and-silver-mining town near the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. The town had grown up fast during the Victorian era. Everywhere Indy looked, he saw Victorian buildings—houses, storefronts, hotels, and saloons.

The Strater Hotel was the biggest and fanciest of all. Indy hurried through its

lobby, the most modern in Durango. It had electric lights and an elevator. Too slow for Indy. He took the stairs—two at a time—up to the third floor.

“Guess what, Dad,” Indy said, bursting into their small room. “Real bank robbers are coming here!”

Professor Henry Jones looked up calmly from his chair by the window.

“How peculiar,” he said. “Why would bank robbers want to come here? This is a hotel, not a bank.” He gave a sly wink to the older man sitting across the table from him. The man was Jesse Walter Fewkes, an archeologist who was also an old friend of Professor Jones. Fewkes smiled back.

Indy ignored his father’s teasing and nodded briefly at Mr. Fewkes. “Ever hear of the Butler Brothers, Mr. Fewkes?” he asked.

Jesse Fewkes set down his teacup. “I have,” he said. “Just before I arrived here in Durango three years ago, the Butler Brothers robbed the bank. They shot and killed a man, too. People still talk about it.”

Indy’s father cleared his throat. “Junior, maybe you’d better stay here in the hotel,”

he said. "We're having a fascinating discussion of the Indian cliff dwellings in the canyons outside Durango. Jesse excavated them for the government, you know. He helped to create our first national archeological park! Junior, can you believe that an advanced civilization of Indians was building cities out there more than eight hundred years ago?"

"No, I can't believe it; Dad," said Indy. What was really unbelievable was that his father wanted him to stay in the hotel when bank robbers were coming to town. "But Dad, I just remembered. I've got to go back to the telegraph office and wait for your answer from the President!"

Indy whirled around to get out of the room as fast as possible, but then he stopped dead in his tracks. In the open doorway, a young Indian stood motionless, staring at them.

How long had he been there? Indy wondered. What did he want?

The young Indian's first words took Indy by surprise.

"Mr. Fewkes." he said.

Jesse Fewkes smiled at him. "Hello, Lonely Wolf" he said. "These are the friends I was telling you about."

Indy stepped back to allow the boy to enter. He was a little taller than Indy, and a couple of years older. His tan cotton pants and his long, colorful shirt, cinched with a bright band of cloth for a belt, were dusty. He looked as if he had just gotten off his horse after a long ride. His smooth dark hair was cut chin-length at the sides but left very long in back. It was pulled tight under a wide cloth headband. A silver necklace hung around his neck.

The boy gave Indy a cool look as he moved into the room.

"Lonely Wolf has been helping me at the cliff dwellings," Fewkes explained. He introduced the boy first to Indy's father and then to Indy.

"People usually call me Jay" said Lonely Wolf as he shook hands with Professor Jones and Indy. "Mr. Fewkes, I want to go out to the dwellings—to Mesa Verde—today. And maybe stay a day or two. Is that all right?"

Mesa Verde. Indy knew enough Spanish to know that *mesa* meant “table” in that language. And *verde* meant “green.” “Green Table.” What kind of place was that?

Fewkes turned to Indy’s father to explain. “Since I’ve taken over supervision of the Mesa Verde ruins, I’m trying to control access—and damage—to the dwellings.”

“Is it all right, Mr. Fewkes?” Lonely Wolf interrupted. He smiled. “I just want to look around.”

Indy had been edging toward the door to make his escape. But now he stopped again. “. . . Just want to look around”? That was a lie and Indy knew it. He knew it the minute he heard it—from the sound of Lonely Wolf’s voice. Something was going on. What was it?

Lonely Wolf shifted on his feet, eager for an answer.

“It’s all right with me if you go to the ruins, Jay,” Jesse Fewkes said, “under one condition. I want you to take young Henry Junior with you. What do you think of that idea, Henry?”

Indy gulped and didn’t know what to say.

Leave Durango when bank robbers were coming? That didn't sound like such a good idea. But still, Lonely Wolf was up to something—maybe something exciting. And besides, Indy wanted to be an archeologist. So maybe it was worth it to tag along,

But Lonely Wolf shook his head before Indy could answer.

"It's a very difficult ride and the ruins are dangerous, too," Lonely Wolf said quickly. "And he's not used to the altitude. It's hard to breathe at eight thousand feet. I'm not sure a boy so young should go."

A *boy so young*? Indy thought with anger. That was ridiculous. He was thirteen, and Lonely Wolf was only a few years older.

Why should Indy be left behind?

"Okay, I'll go," Indiana Jones said.

"No, Jay might be right," said Fewkes. "Maybe we should *all* ride out together."

Lonely Wolf's face changed quickly when he heard that. "Oh, no, that's okay," he said. "I'll take Junior with me. I'll keep an eye on him."

Oh yeah? Well, I'll keep one on you, too, Indy thought as he grabbed his saddlebags

and packed for a three-day trip.

When Indy came out of the hotel, Lonely Wolf was waiting for him with a second horse—and a different personality.

“Let’s get something straight, Junior,” he said harshly. “You ride hard and fast, you do what I tell you, and you don’t ask questions.”

“Let’s get something else straight,” said Indy, climbing smoothly into the saddle of his brown-and-white horse. “Don’t call me Junior. The name’s Indiana. People call me Indy. I can ride as hard and fast as you, and I want to know one thing. Why are you in such a hurry?”

“No questions,” said Lonely Wolf. “And call me Jay.”

“Whatever you say,” Indy replied, turning his horse toward the west. Just then several men hurried out of the bank and headed toward the sheriff’s office. Indy looked around, wondering if the Butler Brothers had already arrived.

“You know, bank robbers are on their way to Durango,” Indy told Jay. “And we’re going to miss all the excitement.”

“Oh, I don’t think we’ll miss too much of it,” Jay said mysteriously. Then he spurred his horse and galloped off.

Chapter 2

“What’s your hurry?” Indy shouted as his galloping horse drew even with Jay’s. “I said I wanted to come. I didn’t say anything about breaking a speed record!”

Jay sneaked a glance at Indy out of the corner of his eye. Then he kicked his horse to go even faster.

Okay, if that’s the way he wants to play, Indy told himself, and spurred his horse again. He clamped his legs with all his strength, holding on while his horse ran for dear life. One second he was behind Jay, a few hoofbeats later he was almost next to him, then they were neck and neck. Indy looked over at Jay and smiled as he pulled ahead.

The dry, flat land was a reddish-brown blur flying past Indy as he galloped across it. Ahead, he could see the mesa rising, like a huge mountain with its top chopped off. Behind him were more mountains with jagged peaks. In between it seemed there was nothing but scruffy flat land and a lot of dust.

Atop the distant mesa, Indy could make out a swath of green trees. Now I know why they called it Green Table, he thought.

Finally Indy saw a small spring. He reined his horse in, jumped off, and plunged his face into the cool water. When he came up for air, he saw that Jay was standing behind him, drinking from a canteen.

"I should have told you," Indy said, "I've been riding for years. If you think you can lose me out here by outriding me, think again."

"If you're so good at seeing into my thoughts," said Jay, "why didn't you see I didn't want you to come with me?"

"I did," said Indy with a grin. "That's what made me decide to come."

Jay shrugged his shoulders and emptied

his canteen over his head. "That was a mistake," he said.

"Why?"

But Jay didn't really answer, "You showed me you can ride," Jay said. "Now why don't you ride back to Durango?"

"Uh-uh. Not before I figure out why you were so dead set against me coming," said Indy. "The way I see it, you're either rushing to get somewhere or rushing to get away from something. Which is it?"

Jay walked over to the spring and filled his canteen. "You ask too many questions."

Yeah, I know, Indy thought to himself. But what can I do when someone isn't telling me what I want to know? I *have* to ask questions.

Jay stood up and faced Indy for the first time. They stared at each other, silently, eye to eye.

"Indians believe when a man is silent, his power stays in him," Jay said.

"We believe when a man talks to people, they all share each other's power," Indy said. "Come on—open up."

Jay turned his back on Indy's questions.

He pulled his horse from the spring and hopped back on. "Go back," he said. He kicked his horse and galloped off.

Indy laughed, pulling his hat down over his wet hair. That was exactly the wrong thing to say to Indiana Jones.

They rode in silence for several more hours, covering the 36 miles from Durango to the mesa. Then, gradually, the land sloped up and they began to climb the steep side of the mesa itself.

Soon the hot sun bore down on Indy like a molten stone weight. And Jay was right—the elevation did make it hard to breathe. The air was so thin, it seemed to suck all of Indy's energy out of him.

Just before sundown they reached the top of the mesa. It was a huge plateau, miles across, that looked out over the land below. In one direction, Indy saw jagged mountains in the distance—the same mountains that had been at his back all day. In another direction, he saw a wide canyon cutting into the plateau. The mesa rock was reddish brown, the ground was dry but brushy green. Large clumps of juniper and pinyon

trees grew everywhere in scattered patches.

Indy stared out at the vista. It seemed as if he could see for a hundred miles.

But the best thing on the plateau was an enormous ancient ruin sitting on the rim of the canyon. It was like nothing Indy had ever seen before. Much of the building had crumbled. The stone walls were falling apart and the roof was gone. But there was no mistaking that the building had once had many rooms and been several stories high.

"It looks like an ancient hotel," Indy said.

"It's a pueblo. A group home for many families. Built by the Anasazi," Jay said proudly.

"Anasazi?" Indy asked.

"No one knows what the builders called themselves," said Jay. "But we call them Anasazi. It's a Navajo word that means 'the ancient ones.'"

"This place is great—although it could use a little furniture," Indy joked. "No wonder you were in such a hurry to get here!" He slid out of his saddle and walked closer to the ruins.

This was incredible, Indy thought to him-

self. He'd been in castles in England and France, built at the same time as this dwelling—in the era of knights with armor and iron swords. But he had no idea that someone was building a whole small city in North America at exactly the same time.

Indy ran his hand lightly over the stones of the wall. They were all about the same size and shaped like bricks. "These stones are carved, not found," Indy said to Jay. "Do you know how much work that is without good tools?"

"How do you know they didn't have good tools?" Jay said hotly.

"How do you know they did?" Indy asked.

"These are my ancestors," Jay snapped. He gazed off into the distance, as if trying to see into the past. "Maybe not directly, since the Anasazi civilization died out hundreds of years ago. But I'm Pueblo, and Mr. Fewkes believes that Pueblo people are descended from the Anasazi somehow . . . someway."

Indy understood the point Jay was trying to make: that the Anasazi were special to him, and that he didn't want to hear Indy

telling him all about his own ancestors.

Fair enough, Indy thought as he wandered by himself into the structure. He walked slowly from room to room. There must have been dozens of rooms at one time, Indy decided. And each one had been small and regular. Indy tried to imagine what the place had looked like with all its walls and roots.

He walked all the way through and came out again at the edge of the plateau. The view was breathtaking. Miles and miles of brown and green land stretched out below him in the canyon.

"I bet they thought they could see the entire world from here," Indy said, although no one was listening.

When Indy went back to the horses, Jay had taken off his shirt and pulled off the tall moccasins that came up to his ankles like loose boots. His headband was off and his long hair was free. The silver necklace against his dark skin caught the light of the setting sun.

"I feel like an Indian when I'm here," he said.

"Sure. Why wouldn't you?" Indy said, a little confused by the remark.

"We'll camp here tonight and go on to another dwelling tomorrow," Jay said.

"Camp? Now? I thought you were in a hurry," Indy said. "We've still got some light. We should ride on.

"It'll be dark soon," Jay said.

"But there's nothing to following a trail at night," Indy said. "You know the way, don't you?"

"Why don't you go on without me?" Jay said with a sneer. He took the saddle off his horse.

"Okay," Indy grumbled. "We'll stay. I'll get some wood for a fire."

"No fire." said Jay.

"No fire?"

"That's what I said," Jay snapped without looking at Indy.

"Don't try to tell me this ground is sacred or something, because that won't work," Indy said. "I saw fire pits in those rooms. People built fires here. They probably loved fire. And it's getting cold. So what are you talking about?"

"You are the most stubborn person I've ever met," Jay said.

"Determined, not stubborn," " Indy corrected him.

Jay shook his head and looked away, as if he had nothing more to say on the subject.

So Indy built a small fire with Jay just staring at him. Then, silently, they ate some corn bread and wild plums that Jay had packed for them.

Finally Jay kicked some dirt at the fire and lay back on his saddle blanket, He closed his eyes as if he were going to sleep.

"Good night, Indiana Jones," Jay said.

"It's a little early for sleeping, isn't it?" Indy asked.

Silence. Nothing. Jay didn't answer.

"If you're thinking about waiting for me to fall asleep, then sneaking off and leaving me here, forget it. I'm a light sleeper," Indy warned.

Jay just snorted his reply.

A few minutes later, Indy was sound asleep—and snoring,

"Indy!"

The voice sounded far away the first

he heard it. He didn't wake up.

"Indy!" The voice was louder and more urgent the second time.

Indy sat up fast. Was he dreaming? No. Someone was shouting. He looked across the way. Jay's blanket was there, but Jay wasn't. Then *Indy* heard horses galloping off into the night.

"I don't believe that guy," *Indy* said, jumping to his feet. "He *did* sneak off and leave me behind!"

Indy started rolling up his blanket as fast as he could.

But suddenly a hand gripped his shoulder from behind. *Indy* whirled around.

"I thought you were a light sleeper," Jay said. "Didn't you hear me calling you?"

"Yeah, but I thought you—"

"I needed your help. They got away."

"Got away? Who?" *Indy* asked.

"The Butler Brothers. They stole everything! Our food, our water—even our horses!"

Chapter 3

“The Butler Brothers?” Indy said. “The bank robbers? Here?”

The words excited him—until he realized what they meant.

“Yes, here,” Jay said angrily. “And don’t sound so happy about it. We’re in big trouble with our horses gone.”

“But how do you know it was the Butlers?” Indy asked. “Did you get a look at them?”

Jay laughed. “In the dark? Are you loco? No way. Look—I heard a noise, and by the time I got to the horses, the Butlers were riding off.”

“Wait a minute. You still aren’t making any sense. If you didn’t see them, how do

you know it was the Butlers?"

"I didn't have to see them. I knew who it was. And your fire told them right where to find me," Jay said.

"Find you?" Indy said, amazed. "You mean those bank robbers were looking for you?" It took a moment for the idea to sink in. So this was the big surprise Jay had been hiding! "Well, if you had told me that, I wouldn't have lit the stupid fire," Indy said.

Jay sat down by the still-smoldering fire and drew his knees up to his chest. Indy tried to wait for Jay to explain, but his mind was churning with questions.

"But how did they get here so fast?" Indy asked. "The telegram today said they were just heading for Durango."

"They broke out of jail days ago," Jay finally said. "The telegraph lines were down, remember? Besides, I know they were in Durango last night" he paused a moment and then finished his thought—"because they were at my house, looking for the gold."

"Gold?" Indy said in a hushed voice. "What gold?"

Jay shook his head and lifted a few pieces of wood onto the embers. Indy stayed back for a moment, watching Jay light them. Finally Jay seemed to come back to life.

"You're in trouble and it's my fault," Jay said.

Indy walked closer until he felt the fire's heat on his face. "Oh, I've been in trouble before, and I seem to do okay" he said. He sat down. "But what about the gold and the Butler Brothers? Tell me."

"Okay," Jay said. He stretched his legs out toward the fire and almost seemed to relax.

"I'd better tell you about my father first. He was a man with secrets," Jay began. "He tried to adopt Indian ways after he married my mother and took her from her tribe. And he made sure I learned from the Pueblo elders. But he wrestled with different spirits inside him."

"What do you mean, he tried to adopt Indian ways?" Indy asked.

"My father was a white man," answered Jay. He poked the fire with a stick and then looked at Indy.

Indy nodded.

"My father would go away for days and days. When he came home, sometimes he had money, sometimes lots of it. My mother and I never knew how he got it. Gambling, maybe. But he wasn't a bank robber—not then."

"Did you live with your tribe then?" asked Indy.

"No. My mother left the pueblo when she married my father," Jay said quietly.

Indy thought about the word "pueblo" about how it meant so many different things. It was the name of a group home like the ruins he'd just seen. But the word also meant "village," and it was the name of a whole group of native American people.

He waited, letting Jay talk when he was ready.

"Finally, though, my father did rob a bank," Jay said. "When J. D, and Floyd Butler held up the bank in Durango, my father was with them. I don't know how he hooked up with them. Bad luck, probably. My father had a lot of that."

"What happened?"

Jay clenched his teeth. He took out his

knife and drew patterns in the dirt. "It all went wrong," he said, "I guess the plan was that they were supposed to rob the bank, then split up and meet later to divide the money. But something happened to change all that."

"What?" Indy asked impatiently.

"J.D. Butler killed a man."

The night's chill settling over them was no colder than Jay's voice. Indy moved closer to the snapping red-and-yellow fire.

Jay cleared his throat. "There was a man standing in the bank—a Pueblo man from Taos, like me. He had come to Durango to sell some things—rugs, blankets, shirts, necklaces. Well, as the Butlers were leaving the bank, the Pueblo man actually stepped back to get out of their way. But J.D. Butler shot him down like a trapped animal anyway—just because he was an Indian."

An eerie, sad voice howled in the distance, as if Jay's words had traveled through the night and broken some animal's heart.

Indy shivered.

"After the holdup, my father took the stolen gold and rode in one direction while

the Butler Brothers rode in another. They were going to meet somewhere in New Mexico. But my father double-crossed them. He was so angry at J.D. for killing the Pueblo, he stopped and hid the gold where the Butlers would never find it. After that, he met up with the Butlers and told them that he got robbed on the way. He said that was why all their gold was gone."

Indy frowned. "Did he really tell them that?" It sounded like a pretty weak story.

Jay was quiet for a long time. "Yeah, I think he did, Anyway, that's what he said he was going to tell them. But they must not have believed him, because both brothers drew their guns and shot him right where he stood. Later they claimed it was self-defense—but I know they killed him in cold blood."

Indy shook his head. "That's terrible," he said. "So he's been dead for three years."

"Almost," Jay answered. He spoke with a lump in his throat.

"My mom just died a few months ago," Indy said softly. "She got scarlet fever."

Jay looked up at Indy for the first time.

Indy looked away. He had a lump in his throat, too.

"The wound is fresh." Jay said.

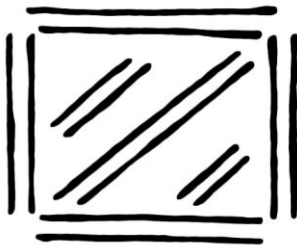
Indy nodded and changed the subject.

"Anyway," he said, "I still don't get it. Why did the Butler Brothers follow you here?"

"Because they found out my father hid the gold here in Mesa Verde," Jay said. "Here?" Indy gasped. "It's here?"

Jay smoothed back his long black hair and nodded, "My father wrote a letter to my mother just before he met up with the Butlers. In it he told her he came here and put the gold in one of the cliff dwellings. He said he built a false wall in front of it and marked the wall with a symbol that looks something like the decorations the Anasazi used. He drew a picture of it in the letter. It's a small square made with pairs of parallel lines. And there are diagonal lines inside. Like this."

Jay drew the symbol in the dirt.



"He said he put it in one of the rooms in our favorite dwelling," Jay finished.

"Then you know where the gold is!"

To Indy's surprise, Jay laughed. "My father and I came here often when I was young," he said. "We each had a *different* favorite. I liked the one called Cliff Palace. But my father liked Spruce Tree House—it's called that because it used to have a giant tree in front."

Jay scuffed out the drawing with his moccasin. "For the past year, whenever I've been here with Mr. Fewkes, I've searched both dwellings. I've looked everywhere, but I can't find the mark my father made. And now you know as much about the secret gold of Mesa Verde as I do."

"Almost." said Indy. "There's still one question. How did the Butler Brothers find out?"

"Last night, my mother and I went out to visit a sick friend. When we got back, we found our house torn apart. The Butlers had been there looking for the gold—but they found my father's letter instead. Now they've got the letter, they've got our horses, they've

got our food and water....” His voice trailed off.

“But you’re forgetting something,” said Indy.

“What?” Jay asked.

“You’ve got me,” Indy said. “And when we get to the cliff dwellings, I can find that gold. I know I can.”

“Yeah, sure,” Jay said with a snort. He didn’t even try to hide his disbelief.

“Really. I had a friend back in New Jersey when I was a little kid,” Indy said. He pointed to his nose. “This guy said he could smell when someone somewhere in America was baking an apple pie. Well, I can smell gold, Jay, and jewels, and old bones. I was born to find things that are unfindable.”

Jay shook his head. “I am called Lonely Wolf because I was driven from my pack. The white man hates me for my Indian blood, and Pueblo people hate what my father’s partners did. Everywhere I bring bad luck. You don’t want to go with me.”

Indy smiled. “Jay, your luck is about to change.”

Chapter 4

“So what are we waiting for?” Indy said, jumping to his feet. “Let’s get going!”

Jay stared as if Indy were crazy. “Go? Where?”

“To the cliff dwellings,” said Indy. “To start searching for the gold.”

Jay pointed up at the sky. “It’s night. Or haven’t you noticed? We’re staying here.”

“But it won’t be night by the time we get to the dwellings,” said Indy. “Think about it. We have a long walk ahead of us, right? Do you want to be walking the trails while the Butler Brothers are asleep—or while they’re awake?”

Jay stood up and looked at the sky again. Then he looked back at Indy with an

annoyed expression. "Do you always think you're right?" he demanded.

Indy laughed. "Yeah," he said, "even when I'm not."

"Well, you *are* right—this time. The moon will be bright enough to light the trail for a few more hours," said Jay. "Let's go now."

"Great," Indy said. "How far is it to the nearest dwelling?"

"Four miles," said Jay. "But they aren't easy miles."

"Which way?"

"South," said Jay.

Indy checked the sky. "Okay, follow me."

"Hey!" Jay grabbed Indy's shoulder. "I know the trails," he said. "I'll lead the way."

"Uh, right, okay," Indy said.

For two hours Jay led Indy over the rocky dirt trails winding south. He looked at the stars more and more often.

"Why do I get the feeling you don't know where we are?" Indy said.

"The landmarks look different at night, that's all," Jay shot back.

They kept moving, not knowing how far they had come or how far they had to go.

The long walk, the chilly night air, the stillness of the mesa—Indy didn't mind those things. But he hadn't counted on the hunger and thirst. He hadn't realized how soon they would begin to eat at him. And the growing pain in his stomach was hard to ignore. Indy wrapped his saddle blanket tightly around him. Maybe that would keep him warm and muffle the sounds of his growling stomach.

Finally they were too tired to go on. So they found a safe place to rest and fell asleep until it was almost dawn. Then Jay tapped Indy on the shoulder. Without saying a word they began to walk again.

Within an hour the sky began to lighten. Just at sunrise, Jay led Indy to a place where the mesa dropped off steeply into a vast canyon. Across a wide rocky space, an equally rough canyon wall rose up on the other side. "This is it," he said. "Spruce Tree House."

Indy sat down on a rock, sleepy and hungry. He looked around for the ruins but saw nothing but trees, sheer rock, boulders, and the deep space below the canyon edge.

“Where?” he asked, rubbing his eyes.

Jay pointed down.

Indy moved to the edge and looked harder. Across the way, hundreds of feet below, resting on a giant ledge carved out of the mountain, were the cliff dwellings. Indy caught his breath. There they were—ancient dwellings, spectacular in their simple beauty. What an incredible surprise!

These were different from the ruins he had seen the day before. Instead of one large building on a plateau, there were various levels of platforms and round rooms and boxes tucked under the edge of a cliff. Each level was terraced, or set back a little from the one below it. So instead of a single building four stories high, Spruce Tree House looked like a series of small rooms, all connected and stacked on top of each other like stair steps. Ladders led from the lower rooms to the higher ones.

Some of the rooms were turned at an angle. Some had windows, some didn't. Some were larger, some smaller. But they were all the same color as the backdrop of rock, so the whole complex dwelling

blended into the cliff wall surrounding it. That's why it was so hard to see, Indy realized.

The best part was the location. The dwellings were built into a cavernous space in the rock face—a cave about 200 feet wide and 100 feet deep. It was a natural shelter that offered protection against weather and attacks.

"You know, this place just keeps getting better!" Indy said, his smile spreading.

But already the sun was beginning to feel hot. Indy's tongue felt about as thick and dry as his blanket, but he told himself not to think about it. He put a small pebble in his mouth and pretended it was a piece of hard candy. At least it made his mouth feel wet.

"Don't stop to rest now," Jay said as he came over and stood by Indy. "Because we still have to get down—and it's tricky. The Anasazi used to have paths through the brush on this side, and they went down the rock on that side."

Indy stared at Jay and then looked at the enormous canyon again. "They climbed up and down the face of *that* cliff?" he said.

"They had help," Jay explained. "They carved small pieces out of the rock to use as handholds and footholds. Some of them are still there."

"Too bad no one thought of inventing an elevator while they were at it," Indy said with a sigh.

"Of course, there *is* another way to get down," Jay said. He sounded almost reluctant to talk about it.

"What? Jump for our lives?"

"No," Jay said. His expression changed to a sly grin. "We could walk down the path Mr. Fewkes cut to get there."

"Very funny." Indy said. "Let's go!"

Jay led the way down a steep curving path. It switched back and forth as it went down the canyon side. Walking down was easy, but Indy could see that it would be a stiff climb to come back up.

"How many rooms are there in Spruce Tree House?" Indy asked as they walked.

"I've counted 114." Jay answered.

"Searching them is going to take forever!"

Jay shook his head. "We don't have much time," he said. "You just have to check the

walls for the mark. If it's not there, move on."

"Yeah, but you tried that and it didn't work," Indy said. "What color is the mark? What kind of paint? Is the mark high or low, big or small? Has it been covered over by dust? That's an archeologist's approach—and the only thing slower than archeology is listening to Mr. Fewkes talk about it."

Jay snorted in agreement. "Okay, I get the point," he said. "But we still have to hurry, The Butlers are either ahead of us or right behind."

"Hey, what if the Butler Brothers show up while we're here?"

Jay paused before answering. The look on his face said that that was his biggest fear.

"If our luck is good they'll go to some other cliff dwellings first," he finally said.

"You mean there are more than two cliff dwellings?" Indy asked.

"Hundreds, all over the mesa," said Jay. "And they're far apart."

"Good." said Indy. "Then maybe we won't run into the Butlers for a while."

At the bottom of the canyon, Indy stood

among tall trees and boulders and faced the dwellings he had seen from above. Now they were above him, up a short slope.

"You take the rooms on the right, I'll take the ones on the left," Jay said as they climbed up to the buildings. "If you find something or need help, make the call of an animal. That way, if the Butler Brothers are nearby, they won't know we're here."

"Okay," Indy said with a nod.

"You *do* know how to make animal calls, don't you?" Jay added sarcastically.

"Maybe you could teach me one," Indy shot back. "How about a donkey?"

Without letting Jay say anything else, Indy stepped up to the doorway of the closest room. The doorway was shorter than Indy, like the doors of ancient houses he had seen in other countries. But this door was different. It wasn't just rectangular. It was cut out a little at the sides, like a small squat "T". Indy wondered why, what that meant to the Anasazi. But he knew that the reason must have died with them. Finally he took a step forward—into the past.

Inside, the room was small—six feet on a side and eight feet high. With just a couple of steps Indy walked from wall to wall. The room was barely big enough for one person. Hard to believe that a whole family lived together here.

He moved closer to one of the walls and put his hand on it. It was flat, straight, plastered almost smooth. Indy could see that hands, not tools, had put the plaster over stone. Here and there he found shallow handprints left in the plaster. Indy put his hand in one of the prints, and it fit.

There was a painted design still faintly visible on another wall. But it wasn't the design Indy was looking for.

Indy turned to go out, but was startled to see Jay standing there, watching him.

"Indy? Are you all right?" Jay asked. "Why did you call me?"

"I didn't call you," said Indy. "What are you doing here?"

Jay looked puzzled. "I heard the cry of a coyote," he said. "I thought it was you."

Indy shook his head. "Must have been a

real coyote," he said. "Is there some water around here? It's so hot. I could use a drink."

Jay motioned with his head and led Indy down a path away from the ruins. Near some brush about five hundred feet away, two boulders separated. Between them was a pencil-thin dribble of water, emptying from a small underground spring.

Indy cupped his hands under the trickle. The water dripped in slowly, slowly, slowly.

"This is going to take all day," Indy said. "Why don't we find where the Anasazi got their water?"

This is it," Jay said with a laugh, "This was the water source for the entire dwelling."

Indy's mouth dropped open.

It took almost a whole minute for the water to fill Indy's cupped hands. He held them carefully so not a drop would be lost. Finally he drank. The water was gone in a swallow. He wanted more, but he stepped aside so Jay could take a turn.

"I hope this stream was bigger back then," Indy said. "And if it wasn't, I hope

they never got hiccups.” He watched the water trickle into Jay’s hands. “Find anything yet?”

“No, but we’ve just started,” Jay said. He stood up and started back for the cliff dwellings. “So this time, no games. Don’t call me.”

“But I didn’t call you,” Indy said. “I can’t call like a coyote. I was more popular for my bullfrog sounds at school.”

“Sure,” Jay said.

They walked back to the ruins and started searching room after room. After an hour with no luck on the first level, Indy climbed a ladder. He walked toward an upper-level room with a door but no window.

But just as he was about to step into the room, he heard a noise and turned. Was it Jay?

Indy stood in the doorway facing out. Suddenly he heard it again—the cry of a coyote. But it came from inside the room!

Then a gruff voice spoke behind him.

“So the turkey has walked into the coyote’s den!”

Chapter 5

“Why so quiet, my fat ripe turkey?” growled the voice behind Indy. “Let’s hear you cluck. Cluck for the coyote.”

“Turkeys don’t cluck. They gobble,” said Indy, not moving. Something told him to hold very still—but he couldn’t keep his mouth shut. “You want to hear me gobble instead?”

“I want you to turn around so I can take a gander at you,” said the voice.

Indy turned. The first thing he saw was the long rifle, its black metal barrel aimed straight at his heart. Then he looked at the man holding the gun.

He was old, thin, and bony, but standing straight. His face—what Indy could see of

it—was pale. It was covered by a thick, grizzled beard that fell onto his chest. His white hair stuck out wild and uncombed. He was wearing the dirty clothes of an old-time prospector—wool pants and stained long underwear under a flowing muslin shirt. He wore a wide leather belt with a large silver buckle. HOWARD was etched on the buckle in fancy lettering.

Could this really be one of the Butler Brothers? No—their names were Floyd and J.D. Indy raised his hands as high as his head. The old man stepped forward and pressed the rifle up against Indy's thumping heart.

"Terrible Cloud is getting to know you," the old man said.

It took Indy a second or two to realize the man was referring to his gun.

From outside, Indy heard a wolf call. That was Jay, he knew. Indy wanted to call back and warn Jay, but he didn't think that Terrible Cloud would like it.

The old man heard Jay, too, because he motioned Indy to move into the room and stand beside the doorway. That way he

could watch Indy and still see who was coming.

"Indy?" This time Jay's voice was quiet. He peered into the room.

"Put down that knife, warrior," the old man ordered. "Unless you want to see Terrible Cloud split a bullet in two—and deliver half of it to each of you."

Split a bullet in two? Impossible, Indy thought. But he wasn't going to argue with someone at the trigger end of a rifle. When Jay's knife fell to the ground, Indy relaxed. Jay walked into the room and stood next to Indy.

At last the old man lowered his rifle. His eyes moved cautiously from Indy to Jay, from Jay to Indy. Then he spat once at each of them. "What in tarnation are you two doing in my house?" he asked. His voice was as dry as the floor.

"*Your* house?" asked Jay.

"*My* house," the old-timer said. "I was born here, and I've lived here all my life. Probably die here someday."

Indy cleared his throat nervously. Looking at the floor behind the old man, he saw

a bedroll, a coffeepot, a skillet, and a small fire. Jay mumbled something in a language Indy didn't understand.

Without batting an eye, the old man snapped back an answer in the same language.

"How do you speak Tiwa?" asked Jay.

"Sweet jumpin' catfish!" The old man laughed and then just as quickly stopped. "Boy, the Tanoans, Hopi, Zuni, Tewa, Tiwa, Towa—all the Pueblo tribes are my children," he said. "I am Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth—last of the Anasazi Indians!"

"Anasazi?" said Jay. "Old man, has the moon eaten your brains? The Anasazi disappeared six hundred years ago. And besides, you're as white as Indiana Jones here."

"Maybe you won't look like an Indian when you're seven and a half centuries old, either." said the old man.

"You're seven hundred and fifty years old?" asked Jay.

"Next birthday." The old man beamed.

Indy pointed at the old man's belt. "Oh, yeah?" he said. "Well then, who's Howard?"

The old man stomped his foot. "Doesn't *your* belt have a name?" he asked. He held up his rifle. "This is Terrible Cloud," he said. Then he touched his belt. "And this is Howard. Who are you two?"

Indy gave Jay a quick look. This old man's train was running off its track.

The old-timer waved his rifle impatiently, and Jay answered his question—fast.

"My father called me Jay."

The old man shook his head. "But your father didn't name you. No in-deedy-doo. What'd the medicine man tell your mother to call you the night you were born?"

The expression on Jay's face changed to one of surprise. At first he said nothing. Finally he quietly answered, "He named me White Sky"

"Because there was a blizzard that night," the old man said. "I know. I saw" He leaned toward Jay. "I watch over you. And what was your name changed to at manhood?"

"Lonely Wolf," said Jay.

"Always within and without the pack,"

the old man said, shaking his head sadly.

"How do you know Pueblos have many names in their lives?" asked Jay.

"Because I invented the custom exactly 433 years ago today. In-deedy-doo I did," said the old man. "Know what they called me when I was born? Fly Like a Boulder."

Indy and Jay looked at each other and almost laughed. Fly Like a *Boulder*?

"But boulders can't fly," Indy said, trying not to grin.

"I was a very fat baby," the old man explained with a shrug. "But I became Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth at manhood." He looked at Indy. "What about you?"

"Uh, Henry Jones, Jr." Indy announced. "But I became Indiana Jones at manhood."

The old man smiled. "Your father is a man of great learning," he said.

Indy blinked. "How do you know about my father?"

"Just because we Anasazi have no written language, don't you go thinking that we have no wisdom," said the old-timer. Then

he rubbed his one remaining bottom tooth. "What family are you, Lonely Wolf?" he asked Jay.

"I'm from the Taos Pueblo," said Jay.

"When all my people left this valley, they scattered like seeds in the wind. The land dried to dust," said the old man, picking up a handful of the floor's dry dirt.

"There was a drought," Jay said to Indy. "Hundreds of years ago. That's what Mr. Fewkes says."

The old man blew the dirt from his hand. "But wherever you see Pueblo nations—builders, farmers, and houses like this—you see the fruit of those seeds. You're Anasazi like me, Lonely Wolf."

"Mr. Fewkes thinks that Pueblos are the descendants of the Anasazi," Jay said. "How do you know so much about the Anasazi?"

The old man's eyes darted back and forth, back and forth, and his voice grew soft. "I know. I saw. I watch over you, Lonely Wolf," he said. "And you, Indiana of Jones."

Indy was only half-listening to the old man. Suddenly he was feeling hot and dizzy. And his legs were beginning to shake. The

heat was getting to him. And the hunger, too.

“Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth,” said Indy, “do you have any food you could share? We haven’t eaten since last night.”

Instantly, the old man backed up, raised his rifle, and cocked the hammer.

Indy froze.

What did I say? he wondered. But he didn’t dare move. The old man was looking down the long barrel—with his sights aimed straight at Indy’s head!

Chapter 6

“Don’t shoot!” Indy cried, staring in disbelief at the crazy old-timer. His legs shook. But the old man’s rifle didn’t move. “I was just kidding. Keep your food! I’m not hungry! Just don’t shoot!”

In the next moment, the rifle exploded with a deafening crack. Instantly Indy covered his face and closed his eyes. He felt a burst of air near his head. Suddenly his legs were like jelly. In a half-faint, he collapsed to the ground and lay in a heap, listening to his heart pound in his chest.

“Indy?” said Jay. “Indy? What’s wrong?”

“What do you mean, what’s wrong!” Indy cried. He jerked up and sat with his back against the wall. Quickly he looked himself

over. Nothing missing, no holes, no blood. He was all right—he hadn't been shot. He shouted at the old man, "Why did you do that?"

Just then a long tan snake fell from a ledge above and dropped into Indy's lap. Its head was gone, shot off cleanly. With a shudder, Indy brushed it onto the ground.

"Careful with that, Indiana of Jones, said the old geezer. "That's your supper!"

Snake for dinner? Indy shuddered again. He hated snakes—and he probably always would. It had started a couple of months ago. That's when Indy had fallen into a circus car *full* of snakes! Dozens of them. No—*hundreds!* They'd crawled into his shirt, up his sleeves, down his pants. After that, Indy would never feel comfortable around a snake again.

But an hour later, the old man held out a stick to Indy. There was a hot piece of cooked snake stuck on the end of it.

"I hate snakes," Indy said, looking at the old man's offering. "But I guess I don't mind eating this one. Especially since I haven't eaten all day." He quickly plucked the snake

off the stick. It tasted something like chicken.

Jay took a bite of snake, too, and ate it hungrily. They were sitting in a large circular room dug below ground level. Long ago it had had a roof, but now it was open to the sky. Jay called the room a kiva and said it was a ceremonial room, used for religious purposes. According to Jay, the kiva was the only place where Jesse Fewkes would let them build a fire.

Indy, Jay, and the old man sat on a curved stone bench that was attached to the walls and went all the way around the room. A fire burned in the center, in a fire pit.

"This is where we men of the tribe gathered" said the old man, who sat cross-legged. "To think, to hold our religious rituals, to tell our stories and brag, and to knit."

Indy choked on the last word. "To *knit*?" he asked.

"Yeah, in Pueblo groups, the men knit," Jay whispered. "But I don't think the Anasazi did. He's loco."

"Sometimes we sang war chants together," the old geezer said. His voice was

dreamy and his stare was faraway. “‘O Susanna’—that was my favorite.”

Indy started to laugh, but stopped himself by biting down hard on his snake. “Uh, what kind of snake was this, anyway?”

“Sidewinder. Very poisonous, said the old man.

“It’s a rattlesnake,” Jay said. “But it moves sideways, not straight ahead like other snakes. It was right behind you, on a ledge, about to strike your neck, Indy.”

Indy took a drink from a tin cup that had the initials “H.H.” on the bottom. “Thanks, Howard,” Indy said, giving Jay a quick wink.

“You’re welcome,” said the old man. Then his nose twitched. “Uh, but why do you call me by my belt’s name? And anyway, it’s Terrible Cloud that did all the work,” he added. “Shh!” Suddenly he put a warning finger to his lips and listened to the air.

Indy caught his breath and listened, too. He was angry at himself for letting his guard down. The Butler Brothers were bound to show up sometime. He listened for footsteps or the clop-clop of horses’ hooves.

But he heard almost nothing. Only the breeze over the roofless kiva and the snap of the small fire made music in the air.

"What do you hear?" Jay asked the old man.

"The tribal council is laughing," the old man said. He slapped his knee. "They laugh when they hear my thoughts. Do you know what we used to do hundreds of years ago? This was back when we fought with bows and arrows. We'd catch us some side-winders and rattlers right before a battle and we'd make them bite pieces of meat. Then we'd rub our arrow tips on the meat."

"Why would you do that?" Indy asked.

"To make the arrows poisonous, of course," said the old man.

Jay nodded, looking amazed. How could this old geezer possibly know so much about the Anasazi—and about Indian ways?

"It's true," Jay whispered to Indy. "Arrows don't usually kill an enemy. In the past, a great warrior could keep fighting even with a dozen arrows in him. But not if the arrows were poisoned. The elders told me about this."

“And then,” said the old man, “I thought up an even better idea. The idea of putting pigeon feathers on the arrows so they’d turn around and fly right back to us. Yes, indeedy-doo.”

Arrows that flew back? Indy smiled and saw that Jay was rolling his eyes and smirking, too.

When the snake was eaten and the fire went out, the old man seemed to fall into a daydream. So Indy took the chance to whisper to Jay, “Let’s show him the mark and ask if he’s seen it anywhere.”

Jay shook his head. “Show him the mark? Are you crazy? We can’t tell *anyone* about the gold,” he said firmly. “Especially not someone loco like him.”

“Okay, don’t tell him,” Indy said. “But do you want to look through every room here with him watching us? If he’s seen it, he could save us a lot of time.”

Jay drew in his lips tightly to show his reluctance. But when the old geezer snapped out of his daydream, Jay stood up. He drew his father’s symbol in the dirt and asked the old-timer if he had seen it.

The old man stood over the mark. He tilted his head one way and then the other, fixing his total concentration on the drawing. Finally, he said, "Nope. Haven't seen it. And I know this dwelling like I know the back of my foot."

"Don't you mean the back of your hand?" asked Indy.

"Haven't had time to memorize the back of my hand yet," said the old man. "Maybe when I'm eight hundred."

"We should go, Indy," said Jay. "It's a long hike to the Cliff Palace."

The old man took them to the foot of the path leading up from the dwelling.

"We'd better warn him about the Butlers," Indy whispered to Jay, "He won't stand a chance if they come here."

Jay nodded.

"There are two brothers," Jay said. "White men, one tall, one short, but very much each other's likeness. I have seen their pictures on a poster, and have sworn myself their enemy. They may come here looking for me—and they may try to harm you."

"Me?" The old man laughed. "Why, I'm as

good a warrior as I was five hundred years ago. I'll tickle their gizzards with a few surprises. Yes, in-deedy-doo, I will." He spread his arms out as if he were calling to a large army. "I'll toss them into the cave with a thousand teeth. I'll command the clouds to carry them away and make them rain on Ohio. And if that don't work, there's more poison ivy around here than you can shake a stick at."

Indy rolled his eyes.

"You must be careful," Jay urged.

"I'm not going to lose any sleep over those two varmints," said the old man. "Well, Indiana of Jones, you be careful of sidewinders. They're everywhere in the mesa."

"Thank you, Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth," said Indy.

Then the old man said something again to Jay in the language that was unfamiliar to Indy. Jay nodded and led Indy up the trail.

"What did he say to you?" Indy asked.

Jay had a confused look on his face. "It doesn't sound like any wisdom from the

ancients I've ever heard before.

"What was it?" Indy asked.

"In your language," said Jay, "he said, 'I think the Boston Braves will win the World Series this year.'"

Chapter 7

“Know what I’m thinking?” Indy asked after they had left the dwelling and the old man was a long way behind.

They had climbed out of the canyon and were walking in the heat of the day. The sun felt strong enough to fry them alive. “Probably just what I’m thinking: Why did we believe that crazy old man?” Jay said. “How do we know he hasn’t seen my father’s mark?”

Indy shook his head. “Nope, that’s not what I was thinking. Anyway, just because the old man’s crazy doesn’t mean he’s a liar. And I believed him—especially after he killed the snake and not me.”

“But what was he doing there?” Jay

asked. "I never saw a sign of him before."

Indy thought about Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth, or Howard, or whatever his name really was. "I'll bet he's hiding out from the twentieth century. Maybe he hopes it'll all go away," Indy said. He lifted his hat and shook his sweat-damp hair. "But that's not what I was thinking."

Jay was walking side by side with Indy. "Okay, what were you thinking?"

"You said your father hid the gold in one of two dwellings," Indy answered. He smiled. "Well, it's not in the Spruce Tree dwelling. So that means that you and I are headed for the lost gold of Durango! We'll have our hands on it very soon! How long till we get there?"

"Hours," Jay said. "And it won't be easy to find the gold when we do arrive. There are over two hundred rooms and twenty-three kivas. Cliff Palace is the biggest dwelling in Mesa Verde."

"Yeah, but the gold *is* there!" Indy said with excitement. "I can almost smell it already! It's just waiting for me to walk in and find it."

“Unless I find it first,” Jay said with a slow grin.

As they entered a clearing near the rim of the mesa, Indy looked out over a dry valley that stretched for miles and miles below. At first he thought they had reached the edge of Mesa Verde. But Jay explained that this was another of the many canyons that cut through the huge mesa.

As Indy turned to go, something suddenly caught his eye. Miles away a large brown cloud of dust billowed up from the ground into the sky. The whole thick cloud was moving slowly to the west.

“Look,” Indy said, pointing. “What do you think that big dust cloud is? Some kind of dust storm? A buffalo stampede?”

Jay shook his head. “I know what it is,” he said with a faraway sound in his voice. “Utes. About twenty of them.”

“Utes? What are Utes?”

“I guess you could say they’re hunters hiding from the twentieth century.”

“You mean it’s people on horseback making that cloud? But who are they?” Indy asked. “Another Pueblo tribe?”

"No. They're very different," said Jay. "They are a very private nation. They have secret dances and rituals that outsiders have never seen. The Pueblo have always been farmers and builders, but the Utes were hunters. They got their food and clothing from bison, and followed wherever the herds went. Until the government—your government—wanted more land."

There was almost no need to go on. Indy knew a lot about broken and unfair treaties with Indian tribes. But he asked Jay to finish.

The land the Utes needed for hunting was right where your government wanted to expand the American territories. So they forced the Utes onto a small reservation and told them, from now on you'll stay here and be farmers."

"You're kidding," Indy said. "Why not tell them to be brass-bed salesmen?"

"Right. They knew as much about brass beds as they did about farming," Jay said, nodding. "They didn't know how to live that way. It broke many warriors' spirits. But sometimes you'll see a small party of Ute

hunters who left the reservation. They still ride through the mesa. They're trying to keep up the old ways."

Indy thought about the Utes as he walked. Somehow, seeing them made him feel like a trespasser. Maybe he shouldn't be here now. Maybe he was meddling in something that was none of his business.

But then Indy remembered the Butler Brothers. They were the real invaders—and Indy knew they had no respect for the value of the ruins. If the Butlers saw a mark that even vaguely resembled the one Jay's father had drawn, they'd tear the whole cliff dwelling down trying to find the gold.

They walked on for another hour. The sun moved only slightly. Its glare and heat pounded down the same two messages: Thirst and hunger. Hunger and thirst.

"A stack of pancakes," Indy said out loud. "I could think better after a stack of pancakes."

"Don't think about food," Jay warned. "It will only remind you you're hungry."

"I tried thinking about Latin instead," Indy said. "But it just reminded me that I

hate Latin. Mainly because you can't eat it.

"Latin? What's Latin?" Jay asked.

"A language the Romans spoke two thousand years ago," Indy explained.

"How do you know what language they spoke?"

Indy smiled. "Well, they did something the Anasazi didn't do," he said. "They wrote it down."

"What does it sound like?"

"You really want to know?" Indy asked. "Because it will put you to sleep. Listen: '*In hoc signo vinces.*' That always put me to sleep in class."

Jay let his mouth twist into a grin. "What does it mean?"

"By this sign you will conquer," Indy translated.

"I hope you're right," Jay said as they reached the edge of a sharp cliff. "Look. We're here."

Indy looked around and saw nothing but trees, boulders, and a narrow path. But by now he knew not to look for a large WELCOME sign. The Anasazi didn't do that. The dwelling must be in a protected spot below.

“Let’s go,” Indy said eagerly, charging down the trail.

They walked down, turned, walked down some more. On the way, Indy had to step carefully to avoid a large tan-and-brown snake curled right in the middle of the path. Weird, Indy thought. Jay didn’t even seem to notice it!

And then suddenly the ruins came into view on their side of the canyon. Boxes built on boxes, and towers built beside smaller round rooms. All set back into a huge cave, hundreds of feet below the top of the canyon—but many feet above the canyon floor. The whole dwelling was perched in the middle of a vast stone wall, halfway down the canyon.

It was something like Spruce Tree House, but Indy immediately saw differences. This cave was higher and deeper, so there was room for more levels. In some places, there were rooms four stories above the lowest level. And there was something else, something Indy was seeing for the first time: round towers. Parts of several towers were still standing. To Indy they looked almost

medieval, like part of a castle.

"Pretty fancy," Indy said. He started to walk quickly down the path to the dwellings, but then noticed that Jay was staying behind, kneeling on the ground.

"What's wrong?" Indy asked, walking back to Jay, "What are you looking at?" He knelt down beside him.

"Hoofprints," Jay said. "They're fresh. Someone's been here. Two riders."

There was no need to ask who the riders were. But Indy did have one important question. "Do the tracks just go in, or do they lead out too?"

"Both ways," Jay said.

"And are the tracks going out deeper than the ones coming in?" Indy asked.

Jay smiled. "Are you sure you're not part Indian?" he asked with a laugh. "The gold *might* make their horses heavier—you're right. But they have four horses, including ours. They'd put the gold on the extra horses. And if they divided it up between the two extra horses, I'm not sure we could see a difference in the tracks. So I can't tell."

They walked carefully toward the dwellings, ready for anything. But there was one thing Indy hoped he wouldn't see: a demolished wall. That would be proof that the Butlers had found the gold—and taken it!

Chapter 8

The first five rooms in Cliff Palace had nothing. No painted symbols. No signs of a false wall. And, Indy realized, no Butler Brothers. At least there was something to be thankful for.

He stepped out of the fifth room and called in Jay's direction, "Hey, Lonely Wolf. I've checked five so far!"

The answer came back, "Hey, Slow Poke I've checked eight!"

But a moment after Indy stepped into his sixth room he caught his breath. Three feet away, curled in the corner; was an enormous tan-and-brown snake—ready to strike!

Indy stared at the snake. Its head was up, its mouth was open. Another snake, Indy

thought. Snake! Snake! Snake! Snake! The word filled his head, made his heart skip a beat. His mind went completely numb.

Suddenly, the snake hissed. Then it made a darting motion. Indy's whole body tensed and instinctively he closed his eyes. "Ouch!" Something sharp, like two thin needles, stuck him in his left leg. He had been bitten!

When he opened his eyes, the snake was gone and the room was starting a slow spin.

"Jay!" Indy tried to call for help, but his throat closed and swallowed up the words.

He stumbled through the small doorway and fell onto the ground outside. "Jay!" he called loudly. "Jay!"

Jay poked his head out of a high room about forty feet away. "Not so much shouting. The Butlers will hear us if they're close by. This canyon can echo for miles."

"S-s-snake," Indy stammered. "Bit me."

Jay scrambled down the ruin wall as fast as he could. "*What?*"

"Sidewinder. In there," Indy said. He was starting to tremble.

Without hesitating, Jay took off his head-

band. "We've got to hurry, Lie down. Show me the bite,"

Indy rolled onto his back and pulled up his left pant leg. "I froze," he confessed.

"Don't talk," Jay said. "It's going to be okay, Indy." But his face showed the panic his voice was trying to hide.

Quickly Jay wrapped his headband around Indy's leg, above the knee. He used a stick to make a tourniquet, then twisted and tightened the wrapping. Finally he took out his knife and made an X-shaped cut at the snakebite marks.

Indy tightened his fists to fight the sharp pain. Either the world was losing its color or he was much closer to fainting than he thought.

While Indy struggled against the pain, Jay put his mouth to the wound and sucked a combination of blood and poison from it. He spat it to the ground and sucked out more. Then he let the leg bleed a bit. Finally, he pressed down on the small wounds with his fingers to stop the bleeding. He loosened the headband from around Indy's leg and used it to make a bandage.

Indy was trembling a little but he managed to say, "Great job, Jay. Thanks." "You need to get to a doctor," Jay said. "I did my best, but—"

"But you might not have gotten all the poison out. I know," Indy said. "But how can we make it to Durango on foot?"

"We can't," Jay said, letting the truth show in his eyes. He leaned over Indy with the kind of expression someone would wear at a funeral. "I'll get the blankets. We've got to keep you warm. You may feel chills from the poison."

"That's okay," Indy said. He sat up and rested his back against the wall of the cliff dwelling. "I don't feel cold. I feel okay."

"Dizzy?"

"No."

"Thirsty?"

"No."

Jay looked puzzled. "Not hot, not cold?"

"No. I feel fine." Indy smiled with relief. "You really saved the day."

Jay sat back on his haunches and stared at Indy. "Wait a minute. How do you know it was a sidewinder?"

"What do you mean, how do I know?" Indy said. "It was a tan-and-brown snake. Old Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth said that sidewinders were everywhere on the mesa. Was I supposed to check its passport? Anyway, it's probably still in there. If you want to know so badly, go in and find it yourself!"

Jay stood up, pulled his knife from his belt, and went into the small stone room. Everything was silent while he was gone.

"See it?" Indy called.

Only the wind answered him.

"Jay?" Indy waited a few seconds and then called again. "Jay? Where are you?"

Silence.

Oh, no, Indy thought. Now he's been bitten, too.

But a moment later Jay came out of the dwelling. He carried a limp five-foot-long snake in his left hand. "It is a snake. You got that part right," he said to Indy. "But it's a sidewinder like I'm a Navajo!" Then he began to laugh.

"Not a sidewinder?" Indy asked. Jay shook his head, laughing harder. "Not poi-

sonous?" Jay roared with laughter at that one.

"It's a bull snake," .” Jay said when he finally calmed down. "Twice as long as any sidewinder I've ever seen."

Indy looked sheepishly at the dead snake. His face flushed red with embarrassment.

"Uh-oh," he said. "Sorry."

"Well, at least we have dinner for tonight," Jay said with a satisfied snort.

The afternoon sun was already heading toward the horizon, so they used the rest of the daylight hours to search the Cliff Palace rooms. Dinner could wait. When they had to give up at nightfall, nearly fifty rooms still remained to be checked.

Jay built a small fire in a kiva far back in the cave, so that it couldn't be seen from outside. Then they roasted and shared their second snake of the day.

As they ate, Jay was silent. Indy could see that he was hurting inside.

Finally Jay stood up and started to walk away.

"Where are you going?" Indy asked.

"There's a spring half a mile away."

Moonlight, full and white, lit the winding dirt path. Jay led and Indy followed, loving every breath of the crisp, still air.

"Long way to go for a drink," Indy said.

"It's the best water of all the springs here in Mesa Verde."

They walked the rest of the distance without saying a word. But when they reached the spring, Indy finally broke the silence. He couldn't stand it anymore. Jay was so private—but Indy wanted to know how he felt.

"Do you think much about your father?" Indy asked.

"Yes," Jay said. "But I guess I think more about the bank robbery. And the murder."

Indy took a drink from the spring. The first mouthful felt cool and tasted clean. Jay was right. This was good water, Indy washed his face and drank more.

"So what are you going to do when we find the gold?" Indy asked.

"Is that why you're here?" Jay said sharply. "For the gold?"

Indy shook his head. "I don't want the gold," he said.

Jay snorted. "Everybody wants gold."

"Yeah, I know. And I've seen people lie, cheat, and steal to get it, too," Indy said. He took off his hat, creased its top gently, and put it back on. "Like the man who gave me this hat a couple of months ago. He gave me the hat right after he stole the Cross of Coronado out of my hands. You should have seen it, Jay. It was a beautiful gold treasure. But it belongs in a museum, not in someone's safe. I'll get it back someday. Anyway, I decided then and there I'm never keeping what doesn't belong to me."

"Okay, you don't want the gold," Jay said "So why are you doing this? Why are you helping me?"

"I don't know. For the fun of it. And maybe for the glory. I told you: I was born to find things."

It was getting cold, so Indy and Jay headed back toward the dwellings. But neither of them was ready to go to sleep. They prowled around in the open areas of the ruins, then sat down on a broken wall near the top level.

"You didn't answer my question, Indy

tried again. "What will you do when we find the gold?"

"I guess I'll give most of it to my pueblo," Jay said, "and to the dead man's family. That's what my father said he wanted us to do, so my mother can go home without disgrace. Ever since the robbery, she's been too ashamed to go back to her people. Then I'll take the rest of the money and go far away, where the Butler Brothers can't find me. Maybe I'll take a train. I've never been on a train. Or buy a car and drive to San Francisco!"

Indy shook his head and looked at Jay. "Jay, you're talking like that gold's yours," he said. "*We're* going to find it, but it belongs to the bank."

"That gold is profit the white man made by stealing land from Indians," Jay said. "And it's been gone for three years. Everyone thinks it's gone for good."

He got up and walked away, his back toward Indy. For several minutes, he stood at the front edge of the terraced dwelling, looking out across the moonlit canyon. "Look," Jay said suddenly, pointing.

Indy came over and followed Jay's finger. Down among the shadows of the trees and rocks below he saw a faint yellowish glow. He knew at once it was a campfire—and he knew whose campfire it was, too.

"Think the Butler Brothers are enjoying your food?" Indy asked Jay.

Jay shrugged. "I don't care about the food, Do you think they have the gold?"

Indy thought for a moment and then shook his head. "No, they don't have it—because if they did, they wouldn't camp there. They'd want to get as far away from here as possible."

Jay smiled and shook his head so that his long black hair blew in the wind.

"Okay!" he said with new enthusiasm. "We'll start looking again early in the morning. Let's get some sleep."

"Okay!" Indy agreed.

But as he tried to fall asleep, one question kept coming back to him.

What was the difference between the Butlers taking the gold—and Jay taking it?

Chapter 9

Indy woke up the next morning and looked around. The air was still, the sky was a brilliant blue. A few white clouds floated high overhead.

But something was wrong. Indy was so sleepy, it took him a few minutes to figure out what it was.

Jay was missing.

His blanket lay in a crumpled heap a few feet away—but Jay was nowhere to be seen. Indy jumped up and looked around at Cliff Palace.

“Jay!” he called, and waited for an answer, scanning the open kivas and roofless rooms behind him. There was no reply. Indy called again, this time imitating the

hoot of an owl. But no lonely wolf cry came back to him, not after the third call or the fourth.

Quickly Indy pulled on his boots and began searching the Cliff Palace ruins. He poked his head into one room after another. The kivas were easy to see into because they were like large round pits in the ground. Even on the top level they were sunk below the level of the other rooms nearby. But the boxy rooms and the towers were hard to search. Indy had to climb quite a bit to reach some of them.

Finally he peered into a very dark room near the back of the dwelling. When his eyes adjusted to the dark, he saw Jay on the floor, leaning against the back wall. Just sitting.

"Where have you been?" Indy asked. "Didn't you hear me?"

"No. Were you calling me?" Jay spoke, but he sounded as if he hardly cared about the answer.

"I was a one-man zoo!" Indy said. "What's wrong?"

Jay shook his head, then lifted his shirt to

wipe his forehead. "I was up before dawn, looking everywhere. It's not here, Indy. The Butlers must have found it first. It's gone." He seemed to cave in after he said that, leaning forward and resting his forehead on his bent knees.

Indy sat down beside him. But he wasn't ready to give up. "I don't believe it," he said. "If they had found it, we would have found the wall they knocked down to get it. But we haven't."

"You're the archeologist. This is a ruin," Jay argued. "Half the walls here are knocked down."

"There's something we're overlooking. What about in one of the towers?"

"My father's letter said one of the *rooms*," Jay said with a sigh. "We didn't find it. That's all."

They sat, tired, hungry, and dusty, thinking their own thoughts, as the morning sun slowly heated the air. Indy wouldn't quit. There was some clue that they had missed. There *had* to be. But what was it?

As Indy sat, the sun came creeping up, and slowly its rays began to shine through

the small window in the wall. He watched the sunlight sweep down across one wall, then onto the floor below it. Suddenly the light fell on a big chunk of stone and dirt lying on the floor.

Indy jumped up. The chunk of stone was large and heavy, a piece that had cracked loose and fallen off. It was resting on its side. Using both hands, Indy turned it over to lay the large block flat.

“Jay!” Indy almost shouted. “Jay!”

Jay was at his side in a flash, looking over Indy’s shoulder.

“Look at this!” Indy said.

There was color on the chunk, a dull blood color painted on the surface.

“It’s the mark!” Jay said. He grabbed Indy’s shoulders. “That’s it!”

“We’ve been checking walls, but it was on the floor all the time!” Indy laughed. He got to his feet and lifted the stone. He quickly scanned the room, looking this way and that. Finally he found a hole that the stone could have come from.

Boosting himself up on another rock. Indy put the chunk of broken stone into a

crumbling space in the corner of the side wall. It fit perfectly—like the last piece in a jigsaw puzzle.

“This is the wall.” Jay said, not moving. “And the gold is behind it.” For just a moment he stood frozen. Then he drew his knife and started chiseling away at the wall.

Indy started looking around the room for something heavy. “The knife won’t work,” he said.

As if his words were magic, Jay’s knife blade suddenly broke.

But Indy didn’t care. He simply marched outside and picked up the biggest rock he could carry. He brought it into the room to heave at the wall. He could practically smell the gold now—and it smelled good. He knew it was only a matter of time before they had the treasure in their hands.

Within twenty minutes the false wall was down. It was easy to break because it was SO fragile, made only of small stones and mud. It was not nearly as thick as the walls the Anasazi had built, It gave way quickly, crumbling more each time Indy heaved the heavy stone at it. Finally half the wall col-

lapsed with a crash and a large cloud of dust.

Indy and Jay backed away until the dust cleared, and then moved forward.

"Indy."

"I see."

A worn pair of brown leather saddlebags, dust-covered, sat in the middle of the rubble. Jay knelt down, opened the bags, and reached deep inside with both hands. Then, with a triumphant laugh, he lifted up a shower of golden coins that sparkled in the sunlight.

"Gold! We've struck gold!" Indy shouted and laughed as Jay turned the saddlebags upside down, spilling out the coins. At first Indy just knelt down and admired the glimmering pile. But he had to reach in and let the smooth coins slide through his fingers. Nothing in the world felt as good as found treasure.

"A year. I've been looking a year," Jay said. "I've probably been in this room a dozen times and never knew it was here."

"Told you your luck was changing," said Indy.

Jay scooped up a handful of gold coins and silently offered them to Indy. Without a word, Indy took the coins, but he let them slip through his fingers, clinking and bouncing back onto the pile.

Finally they packed up the gold and prepared for the long walk back to Durango. With the saddlebags draped over his shoulder, Indy began the difficult climb out of the canyon. Very soon he was breathing hard under the weight of their heavy prize. So Jay took a turn. He dragged the bags behind him. Before they had gone a hundred feet, they both wanted to stop and rest.

Indy looked at Jay as if to say, "How are we ever going to get this gold all the way back to Durango?"

Jay shook his head fiercely. It was a question he wasn't even willing to consider. He simply jumped up and started dragging the gold again.

But as they walked, the sun seemed to make the gold even heavier. Struggling over rocks near the top of the canyon, Indy turned back to give Jay a hand up. "This

would be an easier job if they'd stolen paper money," he said.

"Yeah, but then the famous treasure-hunting Indiana Jones wouldn't have been interested in helping me find it," Jay replied with a weak smile.

Indy laughed.

Finally they climbed over the last rock and lifted themselves out of the canyon onto the plateau. They rested among the trees for as long as they dared, knowing they were still more than forty miles from Durango.

Suddenly Indy sniffed the air. "Am I dreaming or do I smell coffee?" he asked. He stood up and followed his nose, listening to his growling stomach.

"Hold it." Jay said, catching up. He had a concerned look. "There shouldn't be coffee out here. Let's beat it—fast!"

"In a minute." Indy said. "I just want to find the source of this coffee."

"No, Indy!" Jay said. "It's a trap."

"How can it be?" Indy asked. His hunger was doing the thinking for him. "The Butlers don't know we're coming up this way."

And even if they did, they wouldn't tell us where they are by boiling up some coffee."

Indy charged ahead to the edge of a clearing, where they saw a small campfire. A pot hung from a stick and dangled over the fire. The smell of coffee bubbled from it. A loaf of bread and dried meat sat nearby. There were no people or horses in sight.

"Let's get out of here!" Jay said again.

"What's wrong?" Indy asked. "It's just coffee."

"Yes. But it's in my pot!" Jay said. "The one I brought from Durango!"

Before Indy could move or even think, he heard the sound of a rifle being cocked behind him—and felt its barrel poke into his back!

Chapter 10

“Walk,” ordered a gravelly voice behind Indy.

With the rifle barrel poking his back, Indy stepped toward the fire. Slowly, Jay did too. “Okay, J.D.” the gravelly voice called.

A moment later; a man came out from behind some trees in front of them. He was tall and lean and he held two revolvers—one in each hand—pointed at Jay and Indy. His brown wool pants were dusty, as was the buckskin shirt he wore. His lightly stubbled face, which was smeared with dirt, was also smeared with a self-satisfied smile. He looked eagerly at the saddlebags over Jay’s shoulder.

“You were right, J.D.” said the gravelly voice. “They were coming up the mountain

and all we had to do was wait.”

So that was J.D. Butler, Indy thought to himself as he stared at the grinning man in front of him. Then he slowly turned around to take his first look at Floyd. Floyd Butler was shorter and fatter than his brother. He seemed less confident, too. He had the look of a man who knew someone was chasing him—and catching up.

J.D. holstered his six-shooters and squatted by the fire. “Yup—I was right. ‘Cause I know how Indians think,” he said with a nasty chuckle.

Indy saw Jay’s hand tighten on the saddlebags. But neither he nor Jay knew what to do.

J.D. gestured to the food. “You two must be plenty hungry by now. And it’s your food. You want something to eat?”

“Uh, no thanks,” Indy said. “We’ll wait till we get back to Durango.”

For his answer, Jay spat on the ground.

J.D. Butler looked at Indy, looked at Jay.

The smile faded from his face. “Coffee’s just about ready,” he said, lifting the pot by its handle. And then, in one quick movement,

he threw the bubbling pot at Jay!

There wasn't time to move or duck. Hot coffee flew in all directions, spraying on both Indy and Jay. While the boys backed up from the hot liquid, J.D. rushed over and kicked Indy's legs out from under him. He slapped Jay to the ground with the back of his hand.

A split second later, when Indy looked up, J.D. Butler was right over him, pointing one revolver at his head and another at Jay's.

"Don't play games with me the way your father did," J.D. screamed at Jay. "Give me the saddlebags—now!"

"You're going to have to kill me for them." Jay spat the words out, clutching the bags tightly to him.

J.D. gave Jay a kick in the side.

"Stop it!" Indy shouted. "Haven't you hurt enough Indians?"

J.D. spun around and knelt down. He pressed the barrel of a gun to Indy's head. "If the posse catches us, they'll stretch our necks for certain. So it doesn't matter to me anymore if you live or die. You follow?"

"Sure," Indy said, trying not to move a muscle.

After a silence that Indy thought would last forever, J.D. Butler stood up and holstered his guns. He turned his back and walked away. But Floyd's rifle was still trained on them.

"You got us wrong. Were not killers," Floyd said. "We just want what's ours. We want the gold."

"It's *not* yours. You stole it." Indy said.

Floyd looked over at his brother in confusion. "But that's what bank robbers do," he said. "And when we steal it, we keep it."

Jay sat up, holding his bruised side. "Hear that, Indy? They're not killers!" he said bitterly. "I can't wait to tell my father."

J.D. whirled around and pointed his finger at Jay. "He was a double-crossing liar, and he died like one, too."

Jay was silent and let his stony stare answer for him.

Again Floyd tried to calm things down. "We had a deal. But your father broke it," he said to Jay. "He had no right to hide our money."

"Are you crazy? You shot a man from my mother's pueblo," Jay said. "Do you think my father could just let you get away with that?"

"Killing that Indian was an accident," Floyd said. "J.D. thought the man was drawing a gun on us and he just shot before he looked. That's what J.D. told me. Ain't that right, J.D.?"

"We don't have time to stand here arguing," J.D. said coldly, "There's a lot of land between here and Mexico and we're trying to save our necks. Remember, Floyd? So you just slip off those saddlebags, kid, and give me the gold."

Jay didn't move, didn't blink—not even when J.D. drew his six-shooters again.

"Jay," Indy said quietly. "Looks like we lost this time. We don't have to like it. But we can't do anything about it if we're dead. So please, give them the gold."

Indy could see his friend thinking, deciding. When Jay finally slipped the saddlebags off his shoulder and threw them on the ground, Indy let himself breathe again.

"Okay, let's go," said Floyd.

"No. Get them up on their horses first, J.D. said.

Floyd looked surprised, even upset. "But that's not what we said, J.D."

"I don't care what we said, Floyd," J.D. snapped. "We can't leave them here. Just do what I say. I'll explain later."

Floyd disappeared behind some trees. A minute later he came back with all four horses ready to ride. He ordered Indy to mount up. Then he took the coil of rope that hung down from the saddle and lashed Indy's wrists tightly to the saddle horn. He tied Jay on his own horse the same way.

With Indy in front—and J.D.'s revolver behind them—they all rode back into the canyon toward Cliff Palace. The horses stumbled as they took the steep trail down past the dwellings. But on they rode, down to the bottom of the world, where nothing but rock rose for hundreds of feet above their heads.

"Here," J.D. said, reining in his horse when they had reached the very bottom of the canyon.

Indy felt as if he were in a hole, a prison

hole from which he would never escape.

J.D. got off his horse and walked over to a tall pine tree. He slapped it with his hand. "Tie them up—here," he said with a twisted grin.

"But they'll die, J.D.," Floyd said.

"We got no choice," J.D. said. "We've got to tie them up so we'll have a good head start. If they're smart, they'll get free. Now do it!"

Floyd got off his horse and pulled Indy and then Jay from their horses. But then he hesitated.

"If they get free, they'll ride back to Durango," Floyd said.

J.D. thought about that for a moment. "You're right," he said finally. He took out a revolver and pointed it at Indy's horse. "Hate to do this," he said, and fired a shot into the horse's head.

"No!" Jay cried.

Indy froze in horror, watching his horse fall to the ground.

J.D. turned to shoot Jay's horse next, but it had run away at the sound of the first shot.

"J.D.!" Floyd shouted.

Indy glared at J.D. and knew the man was reading his thoughts. Not a killer? What other lies could he tell?

"I'm sorry, Floyd," J.D. said. "I knew you couldn't do it, so I did. Now they can't chase us even if they do get out of their ropes."

After that, Floyd's hands fumbled. He was slow to get the ropes tied around Indy and Jay as tightly as J.D. said to.

Indy and Jay sat side by side, their backs against the tree, their arms at their sides. Coils of rope were wound around their chests.

J.D. stayed on his horse, waiting for his brother to finish. And when Floyd finally mounted up, J.D. rode over close to the tree. "Get out of the ropes fast as you can," he said. "Because otherwise..." He tilted his head back and looked up.

Indy looked up, too. A pair of ugly vultures were circling overhead. A third one perched on the cliff, waiting for its moment to swoop down.

"The taste of blood can make them crazy," J.D. said with a throaty laugh.

Then he turned his horse, and the two Butler Brothers rode off.

When they were gone and everything was still, Indy saw the cliff vulture move. It dove down, aiming directly toward his head!

Chapter 11

Indy sat helpless as the huge vulture landed near his feet.

For an eerie moment they sized each other up, man and bird. Bold and curious, the vulture moved nearer, Then a second one came. And a third.

“You’re too early!” Indy shouted. He gave them a quick kick with both feet. It sent them flying off in a panic.

But a moment later they landed again—and this time the three black vultures began feasting on the carcass of the dead horse.

Indy tried not to watch, but it was hard to ignore them. The ropes tying him to the pine tree were stiff and tight. All Indy could do was close his eyes and turn his head

away. But he couldn't close his ears. He hummed, hoping that would drown out the horrible sounds of the birds squabbling and tearing the meat away in small raw pieces.

"If we don't get out of here, that's us in another few days," Jay said angrily as he struggled against his ropes. He spat out the words. "Of course, first the sun will bake us to death."

"No, it won't," answered Indiana Jones with every bone and muscle in his body, "This wasn't about stolen gold or catching bank robbers anymore. Now it was a lot simpler. It was just about staying alive."

He nudged Jay with his shoulder. "Can you reach your knife?"

"No," said Jay. "It broke and I left it in Cliff Palace, remember?"

"Oh, yeah," Indy said. "Too bad. It was a great-looking knife." Indy sighed. Sweat dripped down his forehead. The ropes were so tight he was losing feeling in his arms. J.D. and Floyd were a disappearing dust cloud high on the horizon.

Just for something to do, Indy began digging at the dirt with the heels of his boots.

"What are you doing?" Jay asked.

"I don't know," Indy said. "I've got to do something. Maybe we can dig below the tree roots, knock the tree over, and get free. What do you think?"

"If anyone else said it, I'd call him crazy" Jay said with a smile.

"Yeah, I know," Indy said. "Well, I was just thinking out loud." Still, he kept scraping his heel across the dirt. Somehow it helped him think. "Hey!" Indy said. "My foot just bumped against something. Something hard." There was something buried in the dirt and Indy started digging around to uncover it.

"It's probably just a rock," said Jay.

"It's an inch or so thick," Indy said, stretching his neck to see out beyond his foot. "It's white and it's got black lines on it."

Jay's face lit up as Indy dug the piece out. "It looks like a piece of pottery," he said. "Anasazi pottery!"

"Look at it!" Indy said excitedly. "It's the most beautiful artifact I've ever found. The most perfect in the world."

“Why? It’s just a broken piece from a water jar,” Jay said.

“No, it’s not,” Indy said as he tried to unearth the whole pottery shard with his toe. “Because if it’s sharp, it’s a saw. And if it cuts through rope, it gets us out of here!”

When Indy had finally freed the piece of pottery, both he and Jay used their feet to try to maneuver the piece closer to them.

“I’m getting it,” Jay said. “Kick it a little closer. Hurry!”

Indy looked over at his dead horse and saw that bones were beginning to appear. The birds were working faster than he’d thought they could. ‘It’s coming,” he said, scraping the shard with his heel.

“Kick it to me,” said Jay, trying to reach out.

“I can get it,” Indy answered.

“No, I’ve almost got it,” said Jay, working hard.

Jay wiggled his numb fingers and tried to push his arm down under the ropes as hard as he could. It hurt when the rope rubbed against his wrists. But his fingertips finally touched the pottery.

"I've got it!" Jay said triumphantly.

It took a long time—maybe half an hour—of constant work to saw through just one rope. But that was all they needed. With that one rope loosened, the others fell slack. Soon Indy and Jay were slipping out of the bonds and standing up on tingling legs.

Quickly they moved back, away from the feeding vultures. Jay took one last regretful look at the dead horse, then turned away in disgust.

"You need some water?" Indy asked. "Because I know where there's a really great spring nearby. Best water in Mesa Verde."

Jay smiled. "No, I'm okay," he said.

"Good." Indy said. He tossed the broken pottery shard to Jay. "Anyway, thanks to your ancestors we're still alive."

Jay turned the patterned piece of clay over in his hands. Then he held it up to Indy. "*In hoc signo vinces*," he said. "By this sign you will conquer!"

"Not yet, we haven't," Indy said. "Listen—do you know where we are and how to get out of here? Because I'm not ready to give up on that gold yet!"

Jay nodded and gave a long shrill whistle. To Indy's surprise, a dust cloud in the distance came closer and closer. Finally it turned into Jay's horse.

"Neat trick." Indy said. "He knows your call?"

"I've had him since he was a colt." Jay said with a nod.

Jay tied the pieces of rope together and hung the coil from his saddle. They mounted up, Indy behind Jay, and galloped off.

"So what are our chances of catching the Butler Brothers?" asked Indy.

"Pretty good. The mesa is full of tricks." Jay laughed. "They could spend half their time getting lost. I know the mesa better than they do."

"Great," Indy said, but without complete enthusiasm. He was already thinking ahead to a bigger problem. After they caught up with the Butlers, then what would they do?

Chapter 12

“It’s like the mesa swallowed them up,” Indy said. They had been riding for over an hour, looking for the Butler Brothers at every possible turn.

Indy had seen hawks and eagles fly over as if keeping a watchful eye on intruders. Deer had scampered off the paths when Indy and Jay rode by. And smaller animals watched them, too, with more curiosity than fear. But there wasn’t a single track or trace of the Butler Brothers anywhere.

“There are stories old men tell,” said Jay, “about canyons you ride into but never ride out of. And a great herd of buffalo here in the mesa that has never been hunted because no one can find their valley.”

“Do you believe them?” Indy asked.

Jay sat up straighter in the saddle, stretching his shoulders. “They’re good stories,” he said with a smile. “But I don’t know if they’re true. Still, one wrong turn out here and the Butlers could end up lost forever.”

Indy smiled. “Lost forever”—that was something he’d never say about anything. If you couldn’t find something, it was because you weren’t looking in the right place or you weren’t the right person to be looking.

Another hour later they had reached a different curve on the mesa. They were heading back down the mountain toward Durango now, and from this rim they could see for miles. The sun passed over their heads, watchful as the hawks. For an instant, Indy thought he saw a movement in the distance below them. But when he looked again, there was nothing. Still, he tapped Jay on the shoulder and pointed to a ridge off to the left.

“That’s them,” Jay said with satisfaction. “They’re lost. That trail goes back through some hills to an Anasazi dwelling, not out of

the mesa to Durango. But they'll be coming back soon, so we've got to catch up with them now." Jay kicked the horse to go faster.

"The sun's at their back," Indy said. "We're going straight at them. When they turn around and head out, they'll see us coming for miles."

Jay suddenly reined in his horse. He hopped off while it was still moving. Indy grabbed the reins. "Yes. But what if they don't think it's us?" Jay said.

Indy wrinkled his face in confusion.

"Indy," Jay said as if he were asking a riddle, "what's J.D. Butler afraid of?"

"Well, I've only met him once," Indy answered. "But I'd say the only thing he's afraid of is taking a bath. Things that upset most people—like stealing, killing, leaving kids in the middle of nowhere to die—don't seem to bother him very much."

"Indians," Jay said, correcting Indy. "He's so afraid of us that he has to talk tough and brag to me that he knows how Indians think."

"So?" said Indy.

"If a tribe was chasing him, he'd get so

scared he'd forget about the gold. He'd just try to save his own hide, wouldn't he?"

Well, yeah, but we don't have a tribe," Indy said.

Jay started picking up tree branches and pieces of brush. "Yes we do," he said. "Find some more branches, big ones, fast!"

"What for?" Indy asked.

"Warriors," Jay answered.

Indy still looked puzzled, so Jay explained. "We tie all these branches to a rope and then tie the rope to my horse," he said. "If I ride fast enough, the branches dragging behind us will make a huge cloud of dust—"

"—which the Butler Brothers will think is a large hunting party of Utes chasing them!" Indy shouted, finishing Jay's thought. "I get it!"

Jay took the length of rope on his saddle and tied one end to the saddle horn. Then he tied all the branches he and Indy could find to the free end of the rope.

Both boys mounted up and galloped off, dragging a large pile of brush twenty feet behind them. A dust cloud billowed up fast.

“The bigger the cloud, the faster they’ll think we’re moving,” Jay said. “If J.D. and Floyd think they can’t outrun us, they’ll turn off to hide up in the hills. Then we’ve got them trapped!”

Indy said nothing. The plan made sense, except for one thing. Jay was counting on J.D. being afraid of Indians. But did J.D. Butler have any human emotions at all? Indy wondered.

J.D. hadn’t even blinked an eye when he shot Indy’s horse. Or when he left Indy and Jay tied to a tree to die. Indy wondered who had a stronger sense of right and wrong—J.D. Butler or a sidewinder? Indy decided he might have to change his opinion about snakes after all.

It was just possible that J.D. and Floyd might keep running and even get away—this time. That was something else Indy was learning about lost and found treasures. Some of them had to be lost and found several times before they finally ended up in the right hands. Maybe that was what Mr. Fewkes meant when he said archeology was 50 percent science and 50 percent patience.

"Indy! Look!" Jay said, spurring their tired horse faster.

Ahead Indy saw the Butler Brothers suddenly taking a sharp turn off the trail. It looked as if they were racing frantically for cover. They rode into a narrow pass between two stony ridges. Pale boulders soon hid them from sight.

Indy and Jay caught up as fast as they could. When they reached the bottom of the pass, Jay pulled up the horse and untied the branches from the rope. He was breathing hard, but smiling victoriously.

"They're up there for now, but as soon as they realize it wasn't Indians chasing them, they'll come back down," Indy said. "What have we got to stop them?"

Jay was silent, thinking, as he coiled the long rope.

Indy pushed his hat back and watched Jay. The rope—that was all they had. . . . Indy looked around to see what they could do with it.

"Okay, I've got a plan," he said, so suddenly that it startled Jay. "They've got guns and ammunition. So we can't outshoot

them or overpower them. But we still have one weapon on our side.”

Jay looked at him sideways, expectantly. “What?” he asked.

“We can annoy them,” Indy said.

“That’s a joke, right?” said Jay.

“If you can annoy someone, you can control them,” said Indy. “It works on teachers, so it’s got to work on bank robbers. Watch.” Indy looked around quickly and spotted a tree at one side of the opening to the pass. He tied the rope around a limb of the tree and pulled on it to make sure it was tight. Then he motioned for Jay to stay back as he walked up and took cover behind the largest boulder he could find.

Cupping his hands around his mouth, Indy yelled, “Yoo-hoo, Floyd! J.D.! The vultures didn’t want us—not after they got a look at you two! You’ve got more meat—mostly between your ears! We want our gold back now!”

A gun sang out five times and small pieces of the boulder in front of Indy flew up in the air. Indy crouched even lower.

“Murderers!” Indy shouted after the dust

cleared. "You shot an innocent rock. I think you killed it." Then he laughed as loudly as he could, moving back toward Jay in a low crouch. "See? It's working."

Jay was standing to the side, holding the reins of the horse, ready to mount up. "Get ready to run," Jay said. "We've only got about a minute before those guys come charging down here like the cavalry."

"Relax." Indy said. "That's exactly what I want them to do!"

Chapter 13

“Well, you’re doing a great job of making the Butlers angry,” Jay said.

“Good,” Indy said. “That’s an important part of my plan.

“Okay—what’s the next part?”

“We knock them off their horses and steal the gold back while they’re down. What do you think?”

“Knock them *both* off their horses. Sounds good to me!” Jay said, nodding as he considered the words. He glanced down at the rope in Indy’s hands. “Is that long enough?”

“It’s all we’ve got,” said Indy with a shrug. “I think it will reach.”

“Keep it on the ground, in the dirt, so

they can't see it till they get here," Jay said, taking charge.

"Right."

As quickly as possible, Indy stretched the rope across the pass. Then he glanced at the six-foot-tall boulders he was about to climb. That was where he'd need to be when the Butlers rode through—waiting to pull the rope up at the last second and hoping it would knock them off their horses.

"Ready?" Jay called.

Indy nodded. "But first, I think I'd better make sure they're still awake."

He walked a few steps and stood behind a large rock. Then he yelled into the hills, "Hey, Floyd! Still up there? How's it feel being trapped? Hey, J.D.! If you're so dumb you fall for a phony tribe of Indians, next time try asking your horses for advice!"

Smiling broadly, Indy turned back to Jay, Jay just shook his head.

"Start climbing!" Jay said. "I'll mount up. It'll be easier for me to grab their horses if I'm riding."

Indy got a foothold in the rocks, but then turned back to Jay. "Oh—I almost forgot the

most important part.” He tried to keep a serious face, but then he smiled. “Try to remember to grab the horse with the gold.”

Jay snorted.

Indy looked up the pass. There was no sight or sound of the Butler Brothers. “Hey!” Indy shouted. “Aren’t you two ever coming down? Don’t make me come up there after you!”

“You know, you’re very good at being annoying,” Jay said.

“Thanks. You weren’t so bad yourself a couple of days ago,” Indy said. He heard the sound of horses neighing and knew the Butlers were mounting up. It was time to get into place.

Indy hopped up onto the rocks, letting out the rope as he went, keeping it flat on the ground. “Hey, Jay” he called, “if this doesn’t work, ride out of here like a hurricane.”

“What about you?” Jay said.

Before Indy could answer, gunshots rang out and he hurried into position.

Is this really such a good idea? he wondered. What made me think I’m strong

enough to hold the rope and knock two riders out of their saddles? What if only one gets knocked down? What's the other going to do? Sit there and laugh at his brother's misfortune, or start filling us full of lead? Indy let out a breath.

The hoofbeats came faster and louder. Too late to change his mind now. While he was still crouched down and out of sight, Indy tore his shirt off and wrapped it around his hands. Not the best gloves he could wear, but it would help him hold on to the rope.

The horses were in sight now and so were the Butler Brothers, their reins in their teeth, six-shooters drawn and firing. Closer. Closer. Luckily Indy was perched just high enough and far enough to the side that the Butlers didn't see him.

When they were almost even with Indy, he stood up, planted his feet, pulled back on the rope as hard as he could, and held on for dear life.

The rope sprang into action. It stretched out straight across the narrow pass, and after that the world seemed to move at a

much slower speed. The first rider, J.D., plowed right into the rope. It caught him smack in his chest. He gasped in surprise and, still firing his guns, slipped backward out of his saddle. He landed hard on the ground on his back and then didn't move. But his horse kept galloping and Indy saw it go by with the saddlebags of gold.

A split second later, Floyd rode through, Indy could see the surprise on his face when his brother went down, But Floyd didn't see the rope in time. It caught him right under his chin.

Floyd Butler took flight. Indy watched breathlessly as the fat bank robber sailed in a short backward arc that started from his horse's back and ended on the ground. Floyd landed in a sitting position, yelped, and fell over on his back, moaning in pain.

It worked! Even Indy couldn't believe it. Both Butler Brothers were on the ground and it looked as if they were out of the game.

Indy scrambled over the rocks and then took a running leap through the air. He sailed downward—right onto the saddle of

Floyd's horse. "Whoa, boy!" Indy cried, grabbing the reins, pulling them back to get the horse under control. "Jay!" Indy shouted, looking for his friend.

A second later, Jay came around the bend, riding his horse and leading J.D.'S horse by the reins. "We've got the gold. We've got the gold!" he shouted. "Let's go!"

Indy turned his horse toward Durango and kicked him to go. But before he and Jay could ride out, a single loud gunshot exploded behind them.

Indy froze.

Then a harsh voice at his back called out, "Hold it right there! I think you forgot something!"

Chapter 14

Indy looked around, confused, as his horse spun nervously in a circle.

He saw the Butler Brothers on the ground. They were just starting to come to, groaning, sitting up slowly. Neither of them could have fired the shot.

Then he saw a lone, thin man carrying a long rifle. The man was slowly making his way down the rocks. The bright sunlight in Indy's eyes kept him from seeing the man's face. But he could see the outline of a bushy beard and a wild explosion of long hair. And when the sun suddenly flashed off what looked like a large silver belt buckle, Indy knew what name had to be engraved there. Howard!

Indy shouted a greeting. "Hello, Coyote with an Eagle in His Mouth!"

"Shut up!" snarled the old man. "I might kill you just for being annoying."

Indy blinked with surprise. Jay, next to him, looked just as surprised.

"It's me—Indiana of Jones!"

"And me—Lonely Wolf!" Jay shouted.

"Keep yammering. I don't mind shooting the both of you," grumbled the old man. He was different—his voice, his posture, even his temper. But Indy knew without a doubt it was Howard, the same old man they had met at the Spruce Tree dwelling, pointing a rifle at them.

"Do you believe it?" Indy whispered to Jay. "He's even crazier than I thought!"

"I told you two to keep still," ordered the old man. The rifle in his hands bobbed slightly as he aimed it at Indy and then at Jay.

"Hey, old geezer, thanks a lot," J.D. Butler said, snickering. "Appreciate the help." He moved unsteadily to his feet and started to pick up his revolver.

The old man cocked his rifle. "You touch

that gun and people will be calling you Lefty from now on."

J.D. jerked his hand back and whirled to face the old man. Now Floyd pulled himself to his feet and slowly walked over to his brother, moving as if every muscle in his body hurt.

"How would you like some gold, old man?" J.D. asked. "We've got plenty. How about it?"

"Don't listen to them," Indy said. "They're bank robbers."

"And murderers," said Jay, angrily.

Howard moved closer. "This is what passes for robbers and killers these days?" he asked, shaking his head. "Pitiful."

Floyd's hand went toward his holster.

Instantly the old man fired off a warning shot. It came within inches of Floyd's hand. "I saw that, fatso," he said.

"Who are you calling fatso, you old coot?" said Floyd.

"Who are you calling an old coot?" said the old man. "Most people call me Mr. Bonney. But my friends call me Billy—Billy the Kid."

J.D. laughed. "You're crazy. The Kid died thirty years ago," he said.

The old man aimed his rifle straight at J.D. "Looks to me like I'm going to be alive long after you're dead. Drop your gun belts right now." Then he glared at Jay and Indy. "You two got three minutes and five seconds to hog-tie these varmints and get them clean out of my territory. Don't want their kind around here, know what I mean?"

Indy grabbed up the gun belts and smiled. Now it was his turn to tie J.D. Butler and Floyd to the horns of their saddles. Jay held a gun on the Butlers while Indy did the work. Then Indy and Jay climbed up on Jay's horse for the ride back to Durango.

"We're going now," Indy called to Howard, who was still pointing his rifle at them.

Finally the old man lowered his gun and rested it across his arm. "Don't come back," he snarled.

"I probably won't," Indy said a little sadly. "Hey, Kid?"

"Your time's almost up," grumbled the old man.

"I just wanted to ask if you happened to know an Anasazi Indian living on the mesa," Indy said.

The old man shook his head. "What kind of fool question is that?" he said. "The Anasazi have been dead for centuries."

"Well, if you run into him," said Indy, "say hello for us. He's a friend of ours."

"I'll give him the message. Yes, in-deedy-doo, I will," said the old man with a slow grin. Then he turned and disappeared among the rocks on the hill.

It was evening when Indy and Jay rode into Durango behind Floyd and J.D. Butler. The gas streetlights were flickering and spitting. No one seemed to notice the riders at first, but by the time they reached the sheriff's office, a small crowd was following them.

Sheriff Wheeler stood outside with his arms crossed but a smile on his scarred face. "Well, I'll be," he said.

"Sheriff," said Indy, "J.D. and Floyd But-

ler have had a hard day today. They were hoping you could put them up for the night."

The crowd laughed loudly at that.

"I'd be happy to," Sheriff Wheeler said. "A couple of you men pull 'em off their horses and lock 'em in a cell." The sheriff cocked his head and sucked on the inside of his lower lip as he looked expectantly at Indy and Jay. "You want to tell me how you two happened to catch a couple of desperadoes the whole state is looking for?"

"We were all on the mesa, Sheriff," said Jay, climbing out of the saddle. "All going after the same thing."

"Take a look in the saddlebags," said Indy, sliding down from the horse and stepping back.

Sheriff Wheeler started to lift the saddlebags off Jay's horse. He scowled when they turned out to be heavier than he expected. Then he opened one side.

Seeing the sheriffs mouth drop open and his eyes blink with disbelief made Indy laugh.

"What in the livingarnation is this?" Sheriff Wheeler exclaimed, scooping up a handful of coins.

The crowd gasped.

"That's gold," someone cried out. And the word echoed through the crowd.

"It's the gold the Butlers and my father stole from the Durango bank," said Jay. "I want to return it."

"You know, son," said a man in the crowd, "the town already come to forgive your dad. We knew he tried to make it right." Everyone agreed and told Jay so.

"Well, I wanted to make it right for him," said Jay. "But I never would have found the gold without my new friend, Indiana Jones."

"Come on inside, boys!" said Sheriff Wheeler. "I need you to tell me the whole story."

The crowd separated for them, but as Indy walked toward the sheriff's office a big hand grabbed his shoulder and stopped him. Jay went on ahead.

"I'd like a word with you, son," said Horatio Lintell. The telegraph operator turned his head and spat out a long brown stream.

“Oh, excuse me, Miss Grimble. Didn’t see you there,” he said. Then he turned back to Indy. “Son, it looks like I owe you an apology.”

“What for?” Indy asked.

“I thought you were just pulling my leg about being called Indiana and going all over the world with your father” Horatio said. He reached into his pocket and handed Indy a folded piece of paper. “And about waiting for a telegram from the President. Guess I won’t be so quick to think a man’s making up stories just because he’s not full grown up.”

“Thanks, Mr. Lintell,” said Indy. He unfolded the paper.

It was a telegram that read:

DEAR HENRY,
REGRET TO SAY HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO
LOCATE MY FRIEND THE MEDIEVALIST
WHOM WE CHATTED ABOUT DURING YOUR
VISIT TO THE WHITE HOUSE, MUST NOW
CONCENTRATE ON THE ELECTION. AM
CONFIDENT I SHALL DEFEAT WOODROW
WILSON. THE MAN LOOKS AS THOUGH HE

HASN'T HAD A FULL MEAL IN YEARS. PLEASE DON'T FORGET MY OFFER TO HELP YOU FIND A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUR SON, OR AT THE VERY LEAST A SUITABLE TUTOR. I FEAR YOUR ENDLESS TRAVEL TOGETHER IS INTERRUPTING HIS ALL-IMPORTANT FORMAL EDUCATION. GOOD FORTUNE.

SIGNED,
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES

"I'll make sure my dad gets this right away." Indy said, folding the paper and shoving it deep into his pocket.

"It sure opened *my* eyes when it came down the wire." Mr. Lintell smiled and puffed out his chest. "You know, it's a fine thing you two boys have done, capturing the Butlers."

"Well, we had some help," said Indy, "from an Anasazi Indian and Billy the Kid."

Horatio Lintell stared down at Indy for a moment. He spat twice and then walked away, shaking his head.

"Hey, Indy," said Jay, coming out of the sheriff's office. "Guess what? There's a reward for capturing the Butlers—and another one for recovering the stolen money!"

"That's great!" Indy said, stepping over the small brown puddle left by the telegraph operator.

"Yeah. I'm going to give half the money to the family of the man who was shot. The rest belongs to you, Indy," said Jay.

"I told you before," Indy said. "I don't want the gold. I just want to be the one who finds it."

"Then I'll give the rest to my mother," said Jay. "I'm going to ride home and tell her now. You want to come?"

"I've got to go see my dad," Indy said.

"Yeah, he's probably pretty worried about you," Jay said.

Indy shook his head. "He's probably sitting in the same chair, still talking to Mr. Fewkes about what he thinks will be written on King Arthur's sword, if he ever finds it," Indy said. "But I've got an important telegram to give him."

Jay held out his hand and Indy shook it. Then Jay said something in his native language. It sounded musical but strange to Indy.

"What did you say?" Indy asked.

"I gave you a new name, a Tiwa name," said Jay. "It means 'Stubborn West Wind'—wind that never gives up until it wears down everything that stands in its way. That's you for certain."

Indy smiled. A Tiwa name! That was a real sign of friendship, and the only reward he needed.

Jay swung onto his horse, and Indy watched him ride out of town before hurrying to his hotel room.

"Junior?" said Professor Henry Jones, looking up from the table where he was writing in one of his notebooks. "Back so soon? I would have thought an expedition to the Anasazi cliff dwellings would have been more rewarding."

"But, Dad, it was very rewarding," said Indy. "Worth its weight in gold."

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Anasazi Indians lived on top of Mesa Verde and used the cliff alcoves for shelter for about seven hundred years before actually building the cliff dwellings sometime around 1200 A.D. For the next seventy-five to one hundred years, the cliff dwellings were the center of Anasazi life. Then, mysteriously, the Anasazi disappeared—and the cliff dwellings were abandoned.

No one knows for sure why the ancient people left the area, but experts think that a long period of drought drove them away. After that, it seems the Anasazi either formed or joined other Native American tribes. Eventually their descendants became the Pueblo Indians.

The ancient cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde were first discovered by the outside world in the 1870s, when various people wandered onto the mesa and came upon some of the smaller ruins. But credit for the discovery of the largest cliff dwellings is usually given to two ranchers known as the Wetherill brothers.

According to the story, Richard Wetherill and his brother-in-law, Charlie Mason, were riding across the mesa looking for stray cattle in December 1888. Suddenly they came to the edge of a canyon. From that vantage point, they looked out and saw "a magnificent city" built into the opposite cliff. They explored the dwelling, took away some of its artifacts, and named it Cliff Palace.

During the next eighteen years, the Wetherill brothers returned to Mesa Verde many times. On one visit, they came upon a gigantic fir tree growing up from the base of one of the ruins. The men climbed down the tree—which they called a spruce—in order to enter the cliff dwellings below. They named these dwellings Spruce Tree House, although the tree was actually a Douglas fir.

Unfortunately, the tree was cut down just a few years later by a Swedish explorer who hoped to determine its age.

In the years following their discovery, the Wetherill brothers, and other early explorers, took away many artifacts from the cliff dwellings—pottery, baskets, tools of wood, bone, and stone. They also camped in the dwellings—and even defaced the ruins at times. But finally, in 1906, Congress put an end to this activity when it established Mesa Verde as a national park.

Three years later, Jesse Walter Fewkes arrived on the scene. As an archeologist working for the Smithsonian Institution, Fewkes was asked to excavate the ruins. He was also asked to choose which ruins would be preserved and opened to the public. Fewkes spent the next ten years working in and around Mesa Verde. One of the many canyons in the park has been named for him.

Today you can visit Mesa Verde National Park and explore many of the ruins on your own or with a park ranger. You can climb down a ladder into one of the ancient kivas.

And you can walk on top of the walls of Sun Temple, a giant maze-like building. The drive up the steep mesa follows the same route that Indy and Jay took—along a sheer cliff called the Knife Edge—and provides spectacular views in every direction. From the top of Mesa Verde, you can see into four states at once: Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah.

Rattlesnakes are still common in Mesa Verde—as are bull snakes, which do bite. They look vaguely like sidewinders, but the bull snake is twice as long. Today, the proper treatment for a poisonous-snake bite is not the one Jay used, however. In fact, experts say that it is almost never a good idea to cut an X near the bite, or to suck the poison out. Luckily for Indy, the bite wasn't a problem after all!

Billy the Kid was one of the West's most notorious gunfighters. Born in 1859 with the name William H. Bonney, the Kid was known for having committed his first murder by the age of twelve. By 1881, the Kid and his gang had killed more than twenty people, and Billy was sentenced to die at the

age of twenty-one. But he broke out of jail and escaped—until an old friend of his, Pat Garrett, tracked him down. Garrett was now a sheriff; according to most accounts, he shot Billy to death in a private home. But some people believe the Kid may have escaped again, and lived to a ripe old age by hiding out somewhere in the Colorado mountains.

Could Howard really have been Billy the Kid? Indy believed it was possible, but Jay disagreed. Jay pointed out that the Kid had once killed three Indians—which was something Howard the Anasazi would never do.

TO FIND OUT MORE...

Ancient Indians of the Southwest by Alfred Tamarin and Shirley Glubok. Published by Doubleday, Inc., 1979, The Anasazi were just one of many groups of ancient Native Americans who once lived in the Southwest. Here's a survey of them. Particularly good photos of cliff dwellings and artifacts like pottery and tools, Index, map.

The Anasazi by Eleanor H. Ayer. Published by Walker Books, 1993. A detailed discussion of Jay's ancestors, their land, culture, and mysterious disappearance. Explores modern archeological methods, and shows how archeologists can deduce a people's customs by studying their artifacts and ruins. Photos, map, index.

Native Americans: The Pueblos by Richard Erdoes. Published by Sterling Books, 1983. Describes Jay's tribe their history, land, traditions, and way of life today. Heavily illustrated with handsome color photos. Index.

Children of the Wild West by Russell Freedman. Published by Clarion Books, 1983. Learn what children in pioneer families experienced as they traveled west to settle. Learn what Indian children already living in the West experienced as settlers took over their land. Photos, index, map.

Outlaws by Kenneth Ulyatt. Published by J. B Lippincott Co., 1976. Tells the stories of some famous and not-so-famous outlaws of the Wild

West and why these criminals were so numerous. The Butler Brothers are not included, of course, but there's a chapter devoted to the life and death of Billy the Kid. Drawings, photos, index.

America the Beautiful: Colorado by Deborah Kent. Published by Children's Press, 1992. An overview of the state, its history, geography, and people. Includes Durango and Mesa Verde. Color photos of the Mesa's cliff dwellings, as well as a photo of the Strater Hotel (the hotel Indy stayed at with his dad). Maps and lists of historic sites and landmarks, index.

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